HOLLYWOOD AND HEMINGWAY

by

Robert S. Billings

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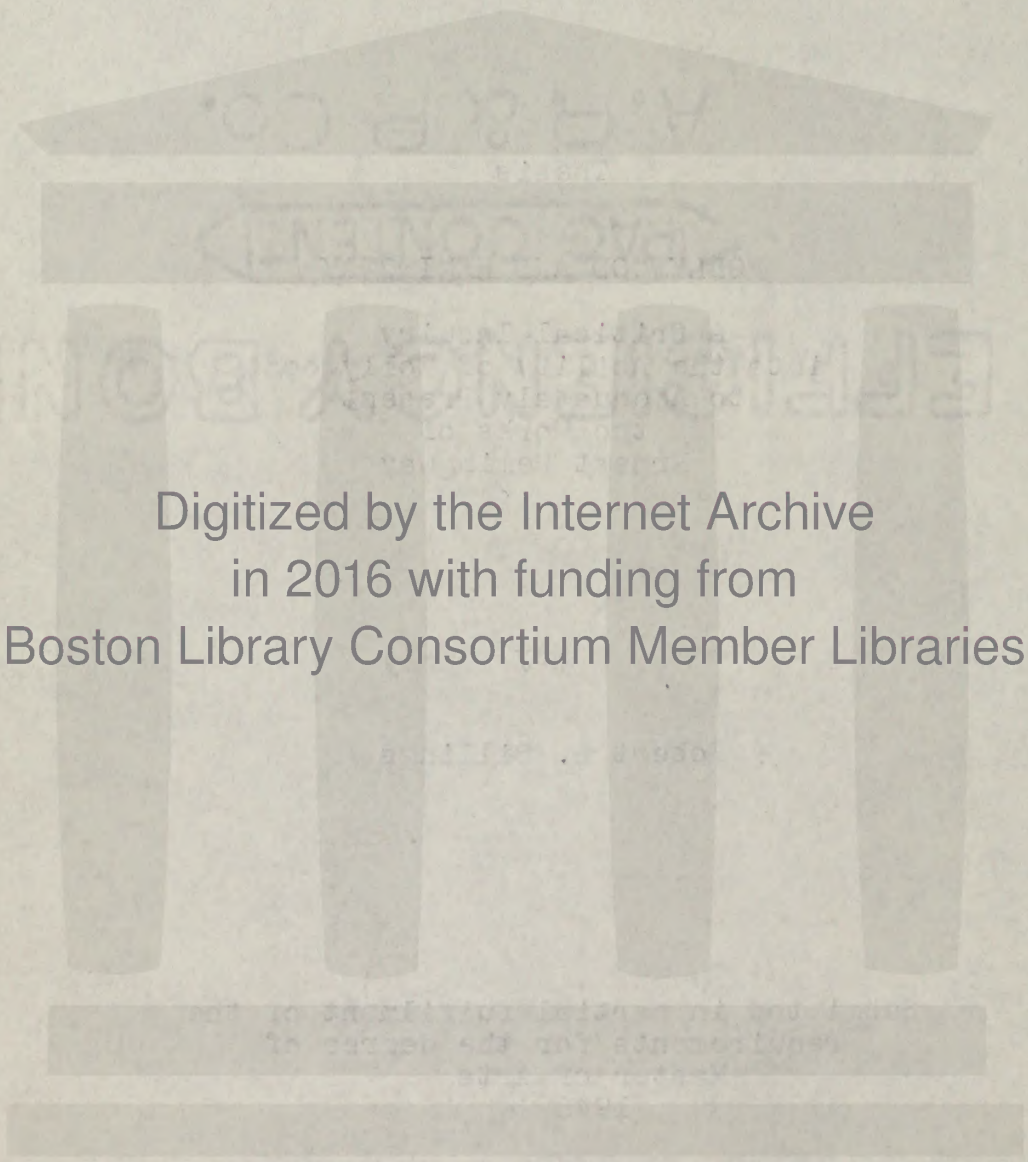
A Critical Inquiry into the Ability of Hollywood to Adequately Present the Works of Ernest Hemingway

by

Robert S. Billings

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts
1948

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

This thesis is concerned with the very real and immediate problem of determining the artistic quality of motion pictures that have been based upon recognized works of literature. The motion picture is a relative youngster in the family of artistic media- indeed, many would deny that it has yet proved itself worthy of the term "artistic." And yet, in the span of less than one life-time, it has come to have an unprecedented place in the life of the average person. Its important place in shaping life attitudes cannot be denied. Whether or not the motion picture industry should have this tremendous formative power is a purely rhetorical question- it does have, and will continue to have it. The question is whether this formative influence will be used to inculate attitudes and ideals of a superficial, unrealistic, and even harmful nature, leading to the unevitable emotional maladjustment (to a greater or less degree) of a large groupeof people, of to assist people everywhere to increase their sensitivity to life, and therefore their enjoyment of it, through the extension of their experience

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

into areas which are related to ordinary life in a very real and significant way. It is a question which must be faced by every democratic society in which art is to become a functional, living thing, and not merely museum material for the intellectual nobility.

This thesis will approach the problem through the attempts made to screen some of the works of Ernest Hemingway, a writer who is perhaps representative of the best and most vital that contemporary American fiction has to offer. Through a study of these screening attempts, we may be able to arrive at some conclusions concerning the ability of the motion picture industry to adequately portray an important work of fiction on the screen.

To arrive at these conclusions properly, it will first be necessary to inquire into the literary works of Ernest Hemingway, in order to establish just what his intention was in the original works from which the screen versions were made. This a rather extensive project in itself, as Ernest Hemingway's has been a changing and developing art.

Next, we will attempt to decide to what degree the works of Ernest Hemingway lend themselves to screen adaptation. This should help us to decide whether our choice of an author was an appropriate one.

Then we will present a brief history of the various

attempts which have been made to put Hemingway on the screen, in order to decide which ones should be used for detailed analysis to yield the most significant results.

At this point we will be ready to take up the selected movies, comparing them with the original literary works, with the intention of determining whether or not the author's purpose has been adequately and appropriately developed on the screen in each case.

We should then be ready to state, on the basis of the facts brought out in this study, a few conclusions concerning the present status of the motion picture industry's ability to screen "literature."

CHAPTER II

GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT IN THE WORKS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

A In Our Time

In Our Time is at first glance a very strange book. It appears that the author has taken a collection of somewhat related short stories and another collection of brief bits of journalistic description, and then shuffled the two together indiscriminately. The descriptive pieces are about war, bull-fighting, executions, and other forms of violence in which all possible brutal elements are played up by a horror-charged understatement. The short stories are not all related, but for the most part they tell the story of a boy growing up in Michigan and finding out about life. The boy, Nick Adams, appears in only one of the bits of description, in which we learn that he has been wounded and has "declared a separate peace." The relationship of the two apparently unrelated collections soon becomes obvious: war, bullfighting, executions, and other forms of violence may be brutal- but so are the events of ordinary life.

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> between the pieces of the two series. The shooting of Nick in the war does not really connect two different worlds: has he not found in the butchery abroad the same world that he knew back in Michigan? Was not life in the Michigan woods equally destructive and cruel? He had gone once with his father, the doctor, when he had performed a Caesarean operation on an Indian squaw with a jackknife and no anaesthetic and had sewed her up with fishing leaders, while the Indian hadn't been able to bear it and had cut his throat in his bunk.[1]

This first story, "Indian Camp" introduces Nick to the brutality of life, and we also find some of the adjustments that people make to live with this brutality. Some just withdraw: "The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made."[2] Some coarsen their sensitivity so that they can laugh at it: "Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the women still. She bit Uncle George on the arm and Uncle George said, 'Damn squaw bitch!' and the young Indian who had rowed Uncle George over laughed at him... Uncle George looked at his arm. The young Indian smiled reminiscently."[3] But for some it is too much, and the husband quietly slits his own throat. And yet, although the husband couldn't "take

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, p. 215
2. Ernest Hemingway: "Indian Camp," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 190
3. Ernest Hemingway: "Indian Camp," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 191-192

it," he dies in a manner suggesting the stoic philosophy that is to haunt so much of the author's work- quietly and unobtrusively, complaining to no one.

Life, then, is brutal. But it is more than indiscriminately brutal- sometimes it seems as if the cards are actually stacked against you. The two lovers in A Very Short Story just don't have a chance. Circumstances force them apart, place the girl where she can't resist advances of an Italian lover who won't marry her, and finally, to make sure no trick is missed, give the man gonorrhea when he tries to get out and forget his little tragedy. It is told with a carefully restrained bitterness, and yet with a matter-of-factness that implies that such "very short stories" are inevitable and really about all you can expect from the stacked deck from which life deals.

And just who is to blame for all the brutal tragedies played every day? Evidently no one in particular. Certainly the war, as shown in Soldier's Home and numerous others. But the tragedies seem to be caused, for the most part, by a vague and indefinite "they." In this book Hemingway doesn't show any curiosity about the identity of this indefinite "they." These tragedies are just bound to happen, so you might as well let them. "The condition of life is pain"- and it doesn't do any good to go around

crying about it.

The last sentence of My Old Man- a very tender story of a boy's love and admiration for his father, and the tearing down of it- shows how indefinite the enemy is: "But I don't Know. Seems like when they get started they don't leave a guy nothing."[1]

What can be done about life, then? It seems that there is nothing one can do. But at least, one can recognize life for what it is, and toughen oneself to take it without bothering anyone else about it:

> "You're a tough one, aren't you?"
> "No," Nick answered.
> "All you kids are tough."
> "You got to be tough."[2]

This resignation to whatever happens is also shown very clearly in the descriptive piece entitled Chapter XI:

> The crowd came over the barrera and around the torero and two men grabbed him and held him and some one cut off his pigtail and was waving it and a kid grabbed it and ran away with it. Afterwards I saw him at the cafe. He was very short with a brown face and quite drunk and he said it has happened before like that. I am not really a good bullfighter.[3]

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "My Old Man," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 303
2. Ernest Hemingway: The Battler,"
3. Ernest Hemingway: The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 269

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "My Old Man." The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 503
2. Ernest Hemingway: The Battler."
3. Ernest Hemingway: The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 503

We detect, too, an elemental sort of sportsmanship taking form, that is to play an even more important part in works to come. Hemingway seems to be saying that if you lose- and you probably will- it doesn't really matter. What does matter is the manner in which you lose. All you can do is to play the game as it is and then don't whine when it catches up with you.

In this book we find also the beginnings of a theme that is to be expressed in almost everything Hemingway has written. It is the sort of theme employed a great deal by Bill Mauldin in his cartoons of Willie and Joe in World War II- a theme felt and expressed by all soldiers who have been" up front." We might call it an anti-rear-echelon sentment. It is a feeling of mingled contempt, condescension, and disgust for those who stay in the rear- and particularly toward those in the rear who have power to control the "real" men who are up front, or who take the fruits of the victories won by the men up front. The average soldier expresses it in remarks like "god-damned staff- sitting back there on their fannies drinking th cognac we liberated." Bill Mauldin uses it again and again in his cartoons: a company clerk, wearing a combat infantryman's badge, refusing one to a front-line medic, telling him he "don't get one 'cause he ain't a combat soldier"; an officer and an enlisted man, weary from the

fighting, going back to Rome on pass, and finding all the entertainment places taken over by the rear echelon and designated "off-limits" to all those men without whom Rome would never have been taken.

There is a suggestion of this feeling in the descriptive piece entitled "Chapter I," in the conduct of the adjutant- a very much rear-echelonish sort of position.

> We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant dept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must put it out. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the fire in my kitchen.[1]

The beginning of this theme is also apparent in the description of the bullfight crowd throwing things down into the ring at an unsuccessful matador: there is the implied feeling that those who throw things- safe behind the barrerado not know what the matador is going through.

Toward love and sex, Hemingway exhibits what apparently is a very radical and shodking attitude. In Soldier's Home Krebs, just returned from the war, has no interest at all in conventional "romance"- girls are fine, but for only one purpose, so why go through all the nonsensical preliminaries?

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Fifth Column and The First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 187

He liked to look at them from the front porch as they walked on the other side of the street... He did not want them themselves really. They were too complicated. There was something else. Vaguely he wanted a girl but he did not want to have to work to get her. He would have liked to have a girl but he did not want to get into the intrigue and the politics. He did not want to have to do any courting. He did not want to tell any more lies. It wasn't worth it.[1]

As one critic has stated concerning Hemingway's early philosophy, the disillusioned have a tendency to turn back to their senses for satisfaction. They are simpler and more reliable.

Above all, Hemingway is honest with himself, and will subscribe to no romantic theories not proven by his own experience. Joseph Warren Beach says about Hemingway's characters: "They are stubbornly determined not to acknowledge their abligations to any system of conduct handed down to them by the professional moralists. They are determined to find out what they think for themselves, and by actual experiment. They will start without assumptions."[2]

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot gives what Hemingway must consider the inevitable result of indulgence in conventional romanticism. The reader feels the harsh satire directed toward this man who "wanted to keep himself pure so that

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Soldier's Home," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 245
2. Joseph Warren Beach: American Fiction 1920-1940, p.262

he could bring to his wife the same purity of mind and body that he expected of her." They both end up disillusioned in their romantic dreams of what a "pure" marriage is like, and they take up other dull pursuits to take the place of their sterile love:

> Elliot had taken to drinking white wine and lived apart in his own room. He wrote a great deal of poetry during the night and in the morning looked very exhausted. Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend slept together in the big mediaeval bed. They had had many a good cry together. In the evening they all sat at dinner together in the garden under a plane tree and the hot evening wind blew and Elliot drank white wine and Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend made conversation and they were all quite happy.[1]

In the very brief The End of Something Hemingway shows how it is necessary to finish off anything that one's experience indicates to be no longer functional. Nick Adams sends his girl away, even though inside he feels the pain that always accompanies the killing of anything once very alive and functional. Their love is in the same state as the empty, decaying lumber camp. Marjorie, blinded by her romantic illusions, does not recognize it; but Nick must face and react to facts, not illusions:

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Mr and Mrs. Elliot," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 262.

> Ten years later there was nothing of the mill left except the broken white lime stone of its foundations showing through the swampy second growth as Nick and Marjorie rowed along the shore...
> "There's our old ruin, Nick," Marjorie said.
> Nick rowing, looked at the white stone in the green trees.
> "There it is," he said.
> "Can you remember when it was a mill?" Marjorie asked.
> "I can just remember," Nick said.
> "It seems more like a castle," Marjorie said.
> Nick said nothing.[1]

Not to omit the element of ambiguity, however, there are at least two stories that indicate Hemingway feels some of the elements of conventional romanticism are necessary. In The Three-Day Blow Nick finds that, as happy as drinking with his friend makes him, he still needs the remote possibility of going back to Marjorie to make him feel completely happy. In The Cat in the Rain we find a girl married to a typical insensitive American. The girl is so starved for tenderness in their relationship that she develops an almost psychotic attachment to a cat which she sees outside her hotel in the rain. This story seems to condemn the insensitiveness of the American husband, and to contradict the usual Hemingway conception of love, which may be defined as a verb meaning "going to bed with."

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The End of Something," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 205-206

Hemingway's attitude toward religion, as shown in this book, is curiously like his attitude toward romance. Here, also, he will accept no theories merely because they are conventional or sound pretty. Many people, particularly those who have never been to war, believe that war, while a bad thing for the most part, nevertheless turns many a soldier down the path to religion. Hemingway's experience leads him to a slightly different conclusion:

> While the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed oh jesus christ get me out of here. Dear jesus please get me out. Christ please please please christ. If you'll only keep me from getting killed I'll do anything you say. I believe in you and I'll tell every one in the world that you are the only one that matters. Please please dear jesus. The shelling moved further up the line. We went to work on the trench and in the morning the sun came up and the day was hot and muggy and cheerful and quiet. The next night back at Mestre he did not tell the girl he went upstairs with at the Villa Rossa about Jesus. And he never told anybody.[1]

It is not that he is antagonistic toward religion. It is just that he must trust his own experiences and they have not been such as to give him a strong faith in God. Let those who can retain their old beliefs do so- this "lost" generation simply is living in a different world:

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 241

> "God has some work for every one to do," his mother said. "There can be no idle hands in His Kingdom."
> "I'm not in His Kingdom," Krebs said.
> "We are all of us in His Kingdom."
> Krebs felt embarrassed and resentful as usual.[1]

Is there nothing, then, to give enjoyment to life? Hemingway's answer is a very cautious affirmative. There is something, although not what the goody-goody philosophers would make us believe. In Big Two-Hearted River we see a boy in apparently complete happiness- camping and fishing by himself. In The Three-Day Blow Nick has a wonderful time getting drunk and talking with a friend. Some of the descriptive pieces, in spite of their horror, reveal that there is a certain thrilling pleasure about action of any kind- killing bulls or "potting" German soldiers in battle. Life does have its pleasures, but they are simple, uncomplicated, and fundamental- eating, drinking, hunting, skiing, fishing, and loving (in the simplest, physical meaning of the word). They have nothing to do with the vague and pretty-sounding idealisms believed in so unquestioningly by the pre-war generation. After all, life is brutal- but at least we can recognize it for what it is, take what simple pleasures it has to offer, and keep ourselves from disillusionment by not ex-

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Soldier's Home", The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 249

pecting to find the false, pretty-picture world built up for us by the Victorians.

B The Sun Also Rises

Hemingway's first novel, The Sun Also Rises, is introduced by two quotations: "You are all a lost generation," a remark credited to Gertrude Stein, and a quotation from the book of Ecclesiastes that seems to imply that the world is in the continual process of pointless change. These set the mood for the book, which is about a group of expatriates who have been robbed of all that they consider really worth living for by the war, and spend their time getting drunk in Paris, fishing and watching bullfights in Spain, and deciding who is going to bed with whom.

Jake, who tells the story, has been wounded so that sexual relations are impossible for him. He is, therefore, a perfect symbol of all those for whom the war has made a normal life impossible. Brett, the girl he appears to be in love with, has also suffered- her former husband was evidently pretty much of a brute. All the other characters have something stacked against them: Robert Cohn is a Jew with an inferiority complex; Frances is too old to be attractive any more and knows it; Mike has been put into bankruptcy by an unscrupulous partner- only

noisy, drunken, happy-go-lucky Bill seems to have any chance for a normal adjustment to life, Just as "the wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually"- so do these remnents regurgitated by a war rush about seeking some kind of satisfaction from life.

For them, the world is a mess:

> "What's the matter? You sick?"
> "Yes."
> "Everybody's sick. I'm sick, too."[1]

Life here is brutal also, though sometimes it is a civilized social brutality, as when Robert Cohn is continually insulted and told to beat it by his supposed friends, who can't stand him. He takes the same treatment that the steers which are used to quiet the bulls do- they only want to be friendly, but are often gored by the bulls. The steers just don't seem to understand that they can be hurt, whether they want to fight or not.

But here also we find a sort of code to live by- that same crude kind of sportsmanship that has nothing to do with Eton. Jake goes through some terrific mental torture, and yet he feels it is his duty never to bother anyone else with it. He even feels it to be necessary to adopt a joking air when thinking about his handicap:

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 15

[illegible]

> Well, it was a rotten way to be wounded and flying on a joke front like the Italian. In the Italian hospital we were going to form a society. It had a funny name in Italian... I never used to realize it, I guess. I try and play it along and just not make trouble for people.[1]

We even find this elemental sportsmanship elevated to the status of a religion- to take the place of the conventional religion that their experiences won't allow them to believe in. After refusing to ruin the life of a young bull fighter for her own amusement, Brett feels rather "set up."

> "You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch."
> "Yes."
> "It's sort of what we have instead of God."
> "Some people have God," I said. "Quite a lot."
> "He never worked very well with me."
> "Should we have another Martini?"[2]

Although Jake does go to a church to pray, he finds it isn't any good. His attitude toward the Catholic Church (which is going to play an important role in one of Hemingway's later works) is made clear in one brief passage:

> The Catholic Church had an awfully good way of handling all that. Good advice, anyway. Not to

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 31
2. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 256-257

think about it... Oh, it was swell advice. Try and take it sometimes. Try and take it.[1]

The whole novel shows the inapplicability of conventional romantic idealisms to this generation, but there is one little bit of satire in particular that shows the attitude of the author rather well:

> It was a little past noon and there was not much shade, but I sat against the trunk of two of the trees that grew together, and read. The book was something by A. E. Mason, and I was reading a wonderful story about a man who had been frozen in the Alps and then fallen into a glacier and disappeared, and his bride was going to wait twenty-four years exactly for his body to come out of the moraine, while her true love waited too, and they were still waiting when Bill came up.[2]

Politics is just something to joke about:

> "Yes. Bryan's dead."
> Bill laid down the egg he was peeling.
> "Gentlemen," he said, and unwrapped a drumstick from a piece of newspaper. "I reverse the order. For Bryan's sake. As a tribute to the Great Commoner. First the chicken; them the egg."[3]

Although talking nonsense is great fun, one must not talk about anything that is of importance, or it will be lost:

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1. Ibid pp. 31-32
2. Ibid p. 123
3. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 125

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1. Ibid pp. 81-82
2. Ibid p. 129
3. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 129

"I though you weren't going to ever talk about it?"
"How can I help it?"
"You'll lose it if you talk about it."

Everything, as Robert Cohn says, isn't any damn use. Life is a pretty futile affair, at least for these of the "lost" generation, and the important thing is to take it without making it worse for someone else. This crude sportsmanship is all they have now. That and the fun of drinking, fishing, talking nonsense and watching bullfights. They can really enjoy bullfights- their lives have given them an appreciation of that the tragedy of the bull is about. Politics, romance, religion are all really pretty silly. Ideals are all rather a lot of rot. But live the physical life for all it's worth: "Direct action," said Bill. "It beats legislation."[1] The physical life is all there is; so live it, and don't complain when you get the bill:

> I had been getting something for nothing. That only delayed the presentation of the bill. The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on.[2]

And yet, in this novel, there are the beginnings of two other themes, one of which is to eventually become

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1. Ibid p. 114
2. Ernest Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises, p. 153

the theme of a peculiar, transitional novel, while the other is to be developed into the greatest thing written by Hemingway.

The first is an inkling we have of the author's opinion of the "Biarritz crowd." He shows contempt for the rich set that is going about "doing" Spain and Paris, and that is completely out of place at the bullfights. The second is a strange love and admiration for the simple Spanish peasant. Although there are no great individual Spanish characters in the book, there are two scenes in which the peculiar charm of the Spanish peasant is exhibited: on top of the bus- where they want the foreigners to drink their wine, taking only enough of the foreigners' to be polite; and during the fiesta season, when they again exhibit their open-hearted charm and generosity.

C The Torrents of Spring

The Torrents of Spring is referred to in Wilson's essay only once, as a "burlesque" example of how incapable of good taste and good sense it is possible for Hemingway to be Beach does not even mention it. It is not regarded as fitting into the pattern of Hemingway as expressed in his other books.

It is indeed a strange sort of narrative- in fact, it

is not really a narrative at all. It is evidently an attempt to satirize a certain school of American literature (including such writers as Sherwood Anderson, who extol the virtues of the "simple folk" of America) and to proclaim his independence from it. It somehow fails to come off, at least as narrative; for there are no real characters involved in the story- there is a peculiar set of caricatures instead. The author intentionally and continually plays up and repeats some simple and completely meaningless act, such as Yogi Johnson's looking out of the pump factory window, in a broad satire on certain American "objective" styles of writing. The characters (or caricatures)- Scripps O'Neil, the two waitresses, Yogi Johnson- are completely simple characters who yet can quote contemporary authors to express themselves. The style is one of exaggerated informality, in which the author frequently takes time out to give a "note to the reader"- explaining what he is doing, how long it took the author to write the last chapter, how exciting the next chapter is going to be, who came in while he was writing the last chapter, etc.

Hemingway certainly makes the reader see how the author feels about authors who over-do "simplicity" in both style and character. And yet the satire is so broad,

the characters so unhuman, that Hemingway himself may be accused of over-simplicity in his presentation of over-simplicity. In one of the few passages that seem to bear any sincerity about them, bowever, we see one of Hemingway's regular themes bobbing up. He expresses deep disgust at those who write about war without ever having been "up front" to experience it- Willa Cather in particular, who he claims got her war scenes from the last reel of Birth of a Nation.

D Men Without Women

Hemingway's second collection of short stories is called Men Without Women, and if the stories are not all about men without women (many of them are), at least they are about men who can make no normal adjustment to life with women. Soldiers, prize- fighters, bull fighters, hired killers- they all see life at its coarsest, accept that as the natural state of life, and go on with their job. They can dish it out because they have had to learn to take it. Therefore, when they come in contact with what we think of as normal, respectable people, as they do in The Killers, all the respectable people can do is to let them run things as long as they want to, and then try to swagger it off with a little false bravado when they leave. This theme of the importance of direct action is

present in many of the stories, and yet there are at least three that are concerned with something else, giving us reason to expect something much greater in the future.

But the dominant philosophy seems to be one of courageous stoicism. This is present in the first story, The Undefeated, and yet not in the same way as it was in The Sun Also Rises. Manuel Garcia, the little bull fighter with the big heart, may be on the skids. He may be forced to take all the indignities and the added risks of a failure; but inside he knows he's "got a lot of stuff" and "was going good when I got hurt." Time after time he goes in to kill the bull and hits bone and is tossed and finally gored. Yet, badly wounded, he still goes in and finally does kill the bull; and later while the doctor is trying to patch him together, he says to his picador, "Wasn't I going good, Manos?"

Manuel is one of Hemingway's best characters, perhaps his best up to this time. He is made a full and appealing character by the scenes before the fight in which we see him accept anything- indignities that border on insults, disappointment, and conditions that take away even his desired "even break." And it's all taken completely as a matter of course.

"You pay Vallalto seven thousand," Manuel said.
"You're not Vallalto," Retana said.
"I know it," Manuel said.[1]

And again:

"You fighting here?" asked the waiter, corking up the bottle.
"Yes," Manuel said. "Tomorrow."
"You in the Charlie Chaplins?" he said.
"No. In the ordinary."[2]

And again, after self-consciously getting up nerve to ask his friend Zurito to pic for him, so that he will have some chance:

"What's the matter, Manolo?" Zurito set down his glass. asked, looking up at Zurito across the table.
"No," said Zurito. "I'm not pic-ing."
Manuel looked down at his glass. He had expected that answer; now he had it. Well, he had it.
"I'm sorry, Manolo, but I'm not pic-ing."
Zurito looked at his hands.
"That's all right," Manuel said.
"I'm too old," Zurito said.
"I just asked you," Manuel said.[3]

The Undefeated also shows Hemingway's contempt for the rear echelon in many ways. There is Retana, who is the power behind the bullfight, and cannot see anything but getting a bull fighter at a cheap price. There is the

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Undefeated," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 336
2. Ibid p. 338
3. Ernest Hemingway: "The Undefeated," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 340-341

substitute bullfight critic, who has no real idea of what is taking place in the ring. And there is the crowd, safe behind the barrera, throwing things at this great example of courage and tenacity-causing the serious wound when Manuel trips on one of the cushions that had been thrown.

Two of the stories with a war background are monuments to silent suffering. Now I Lay Me tries to show some of the irreparable psychological damage that a war can do to a person. But he keeps it to himself. He can even be mildly amused at the romantic suggestion of his orderly, telling him that all he needs is to get married. He knows the trouble goes so deep that such normal adjustments aren't possible for him any more. In Another Country tells the story of a group of severely wounded soldiers who are supposed to be in the process of being cured by some new machines. The soldiers refuse to fall for the romanticized hog-wash about the machines; but the major, with all his suffering, can still tell his young companion to "speak grammatically."

Direct action is certainly the theme of The Killers, perhaps Hemingway's best known short story. It is in this story that we see the well-drawn contrast between those who act quickly and forcibly, disregarding consequences and those who are not capable of direct action.

Fifty Grand is the story of a fighter who bets fifty

grand against himself because he feels he has no chance to win. But it turns out that the other fighter also wants to throw the fight and fouls his opponent, who endures horrible pain to last long enough to foul him back, to protect the fifty thousand dollars he has be against himself. Besides the trick reversal in the plot- a rare trait in a Hemingway story- the story shows us what kind of sportsmanship Hemingway does not mean. Everyone is double crossing everyone else; but that we expect, and the important thing to do is to act quickly and effectively, as the fighter does to save his money.

One story treats a homosexual situation with rare sympathy, and another does the same for a dope fiend. Another satirizes modern authors who write over-stylized nonsense while a bull fighter who is a real man dies. Ten Indians is interesting for the clever way in which it brings out its meaning. A boy returns from a big time in town and has to wait while nine drunken Indians are carried out of the road so the wagon can get by. He goes home to find that someone else has taken his Indian girl to the woods that day. He goes to bed "with a broken heart"; but nature with the wind in the hemlock and the sound of the waves on the lake, soon puts him to sleep. In the morning there was a big wind blowing and the waves are running high up on the beach and he was awake long time

before he remembered that his heart was broken."[1] Romanticism here takes another scoffing- nature obviously is so much more powerful than any of the fake romantic conventions. The title of the story is thus brought into focus with the meaning. Nine Indians were drunk beside the road, and now he can add a tenth Indian to those for whom he cares nothing. For his girl is now "just another Indian."

Ten Indians is also important in that it brings out an attitude toward love that is to become almost an obsession with the author through a number of his following works- the attitude that love is one of the physical arts and sciences, and that "being good with women" is perhaps the most important test of a man's manliness. Nick, the boy, who has been accused of having an Indian girl, is really pleased at the accusation. And Carl, the boy who was teasing him, is silenced by his mother in what would seem to be a rather strange way in the average "respectable" home:

> "She ain't my girl," he said.
> "Listen to him," said Carl. "I see them together every day."
> "Carl can't get a girl," his mother said, "not even a squaw."

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Ten Indians," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 434

Carl was quiet.
"Carl ain't no good with girls," Frank said.
"You shut up."[1]

Today Is Friday is another bit of proof that Hemingway does have a definite interest in the religious aspect of life, even if it if, at this period in his development, a minor interest. It is a short one-act play and is merely the conversation of three Roman soldiers who have just helped to crucify Christ. It is curiously like the attitude toward religion expressed in Hemingway's greatest contribution, not to come until more than a decade later. In this brief play, all the mystic reverence for Christ is abolished, and he is treated as just an ordinary human being, with certain attributes of character that are very recognizable to these coarse, virile soldiers. As one of the soldiers keeps repeating: "He was pretty good in there today."

Another story that does not quite fit in with the majority of the stories in this book is Hills Like White Elephants. In this story we see a girl who would like to have her baby and lead a normal life with her lover, but is prevented from doing so by her lover, in very subtle and artistically conceived conversation. This story is

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Ten Indians," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 430-431

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Ten Indians," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 429-431

different from the others because, instead of seeming to state that the "abnormal" life, led by those rough characters who live on the fringes of society, is the fuller and more vital life, it displays indignation at those who refuse to make normal adjustments, and thus cause tragedy in the lives of others. The normal adjustments, made by the "average" people, seem to be advocated: "He drank an Anis at the bar and looked at the people. They were all waiting reasonably for the train."[1]

In Chi Ti Dice La Patria, we not only see direct action condemned, but find Hemingway trying to do something entirely different with the short-story form. He ends the story, the title of which might be translated as "What Does the Fatherland Tell You," with the following sentence: "Naturally, in such a short trip, we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people."[2] This is obviously irony, for the story has given a brief but complete picture of what Fascism can do to a people that were formerly kind, generous, and polite. This condemnation of authoritarian organizations that push people around is not what the Hemingway of this period would lead us to expect, but it is an indication of something greater to come.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Hills Like White Elephants," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp.375-376
2. Ibid p. 397

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In Our Time Is Paris, we not only see direct action condemned, but find Hemingway trying to do something entirely different with the short-story form. He sends the story, the title of which might be translated as "What Does the Motherland Ask You," with the following sentence: "Naturally, in such a short trip, we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people."[2] This is obviously irony. For the story has given a brief but complete picture of what fascism can do to a people that were formerly kind, generous, and active. This condemnation of authoritarian organizations that oppress people around is not what the Hemingway of this period would lead us to expect, but it is an indication of something greater to come.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Hills Like White Elephants," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp.273-279

Men Without Women has been criticized for not dealing with more "average" people:

> In the callous little world of Mr. Hemingway I feel cribbed, cabined, confined; I lack air- just as I do in the cruel little world of Guy de Maupassant... But there is room to breathe in Shakespeare, in Tolstoy. And- yes- it makes a difference.[1]

It should be readily apparent, however, that Hemingway confines himself to the roughnecks who live on the outer edges of "civilization" because it is only with them that he sees life being lived in anywhere near a vital fashion. Excluding the exceptions mentioned as being different, the stories seem to continue along the usual Hemingway lines of stoicism, elemental sportsmanship, and the superiority of those few men in life who are capable of direct action. Life is still a brutal and perhaps fundamentally a tragic thing; and yet one can win a sort of victory within oneself over it, as Manuel Garcia does in The Undefeated.

E A Farewell to Arms

Hemingway's next novel, A Farewell to Arms, has been considered a sort of World War I Romeo and Juliet. It is

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1. Lee Wilson Dodd: "Simple Annals of the Callous," The Saturday Review of Literature, Nov. 19, 1927, p. 22

the story of Lieutenant Henry, an American volunteer in the ambulance corps in Italy, and his relationship with the war and Catherine Barkely. It might be compared to the Shakespearean play in that the lovers come to tragedy through circumstances outside of themselves, but with that the likeness probably ends. Certainly the relationship between Henry and his nurse has very little to do with the naive, idealized sort of love that one is supposed to connect with the love of Romeo and Juliet. At any rate, this novel was considered by many critics to be the best thing Hemingway had done up to that time, and for over a decade it was on the strength of it and The Sun Also Rises that Hemingway was considered one of the major American novelists.

There are a number of minor characters that appear to be excellent portrayals of Italian people: the priest- sincere and pious, yet the butt of all the other officers' abscene jokes; Rinaldi, Henry's loyal and playful friend, and an excellent surgeon, but a terrific lover of women for the sake of the physical sport in it, who finally gets syphilis; and the peasant soldiers who care little for the war- Piani, Bonello and Aymo. It is only when one compares them with characters in For Whom the Bell Tolls that one realizes how far short they are of what the author is really capable of doing. Even the main

characters, somehow, do not ring quite true all the way through the book:

> And when Catherine and her lover everge from the stream of action- the account of the Caporetto retreat is Hemingway's best sustained narrative- when they escape from the alien necessities of which their romance has been merely an accident, which have been writing their story for them, then we see that they are not in themselves convincing as human personalities.[1]

In a way, this novel helps to explain why the characters in The Sun Also Rises are as they are. Lieutenant Henry, in the actual war, loses any idealism he may have had before the war concerning its aims and possible results. It is even a sort of fake war: "Also we were required to wear an automatic pistol; even doctors and sanitary officers. I felt it against the back of my chair. You were liable to arrest if you did not have one worn in plain sight. Rinaldi carried a holster stuffed with toilet paper."[2]

No romantic myths about the brave Italian soldiers are upheld in this book. None of the soldiers really want to fight the war. It is something that has been forced upon them and they take it without illusions because they have no choice. There is a man who intentional-

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, pl 222
2. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, pp. 29-30

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, p. 222
2. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, pp. 29-30

ly makes his hernia worse to try to get out of it, but it does no good. Lieutenant Henry hears his soldiers talk of the war and finds that they are all socialists, and do not even approve its purposes. The priest tells him that none of the people want to fight- it's only the officers who do:

> "It is not education or money. It is something else. Even if they had education or money men like Passini would not be an officer."...
> "What is the difference?"
> "I cannot say it easily. There are people who would make war. In this country there are many like that. There are other people who would not make war."
> "But the first ones make them do it."
> "Yes."
> "And the ones who would not make war? Can they stop it?"...
> "They are not organized to stop things and when they get organized their leaders sell them out."[1]

Hemingway's theme of contempt for the rear echelon and the stupid brass is very strongly accented in this book. At the beginning of the book there is a rather contemptuous description of the king and his generals riding by, splashing "more mud than the camions even." There are those lines that, perhaps more than any others, show the disgust men who have been through battle have toward those who act as if they had:

The questioners had all the efficiency, coldness,

1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, pp. 75-76

and command of themselves of Italians who are firing and are not being fired on..."[1]

The questioners had that beautiful detachment and devotion to justice of men dealing in death without being in any danger of it.[2]

In many places, Lieutenant Henry sees the utter stupidity of those who make the orders that the men up front have to carry out:

> Our troops were still in the attacking position. There was no wire to speak of and no place to fall back to if there should be an Austrian attack. There were fine positions for defense along the low mountains that came up out of the plateau but nothing had been done about organizing them for defense.[3]

After almost being killed by the army he had been fighting for, Lieutenant Henry, like Nick in In Our Time, makes a "separate peace."

> You had lost your cars and your men as a floorwalker loses the stock of his department in a fire. There was, however, no insurance. You were out of it now. You had no more obligation. If they shot floorwalkers after a fire in the department store because they spoke with an accent they had always had, then certainly the floorwalker would not be expected to return when the store opened again for business.[4]

And thus it is that Lieutenant Henry (and Hemingway)

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1. Ibid p. 239
2. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, pp.240-241
3. Ibid pp. 193-194
4. Ibid p. 248

leave the saving of the world to someone else. But Hemingway, if no Lieutenant Henry, must go back into it again in the future, and there is a strangely prophetic passage that seems to indicate this:

> The war was a long way away. Maybe there wasn't any war. There was no war here. Then I realized that it was all over for me. But I did not have the feeling that it was really over. I had the feeling of a boy who thinks of what is happening at a certain hour at the schoolhouse from which he has played truant.[1]

A Farewell to Arms is generally taken as primarily a great love story. The love, however, does not seem to go too deep. The relationship begins as a sort of little game in which Catherine pretends that she is with her lover- who has been killed some time before. Lieutenant Henry is merely interested in a little change from the "house for officers," which has never been quite satisfactory for him anyway. They drift apart and then drift together again, this time with Catherine volunteering as night nurse so she can spend the nights in bed with Lieutenant Henry, who has been wounded. Hemingway seems to want this to develop into something a little deeper. It is even called a "religious feeling," in a conversation between Henry and an old friend with whom

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, p. 262

he plays billiards. And yet the love, as expressed through the scenes between Henry and Catherine, never quite seems to rise above a strong physical attraction and an animal-like sense of loyalty.

This novel, although its main character loses what ideals he had for war, seems to be headed for a sort of conventional happy ending- for "nothing can happen to the brave." It seems, for a brief while, that a Hemingway hero will at last lose his "aloneness-against-the-world" and find a sort of playful physical happiness with a woman remarkable for her simplicity:

> "We won't fight."
> "We mustn't. Because there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them. If anything comes between us we're gone and then they have us."[1]

But even this is not to be. Catherine and her child both die and Henry is left with nothing. Although he goes to her just after she dies, it is "like saying good-by to a statue." And so he goes out and walks back to his hotel in the rain.

So, in spite of a brief illusion of happiness, life is still a brutal thing, constantly watching, ready to

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, p. 149

sneak up and play a "dirty trick"- as Catherine refers to her approaching death- on the unwary. The enemy is still an indefinite "they," but its eventual victory over all is certain:

> Now Catherine would die. That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. Or gave you the syphilis like Rinaldo. But they killed you in the end. You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you."[1]

The most brutal part of life is that it fools you into thinking there's something in it worth while, but it's really nothing except a mess of refuse:

> Outside along the street were the refuse cans from the houses waiting for the collector. A dog was nosing at one of the cans."
> "What do you want?" I asked and looked in the can to see if there was anything I could pull out for him; there was nothing on top but coffee-grounds, dust and some flowers.
> "There isn't anything, dog," I said.[2]

F Death in the Afternoon

Hemingway's next book, Death in the Afternoon, is a rather difficult one to classify. It is part technical

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1. Ibid p. 350
2. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms, pp. 336-337

manual, part annecdotes, part biography, and even contains one section later published as a short story. It seems to be the purpose of the author to introduce the art of bullfighting to the uninitiated- telling them some stories about the more famous bull fighters, describing the procedure of the bullfight, building up in the reader the standards necessary to distinguish good bullfighting from bad, and throwing in other material to hold the reader's interest and give the author's opinions on a variety of subjects. A large collection of bullfighting pictures is included, as well as an extended glossary of bullfight terminology. The book is particularly interesting because, although the author is noted for his "objectivity" in writing, in this book he is not at all reticent about coming out and expressing his views on almost everything with what Edmund Wilson refers to as a "swagger." The book is not generally considered to be on a par with his better works, but perhaps this is due to the application of the standards of fiction to a work that is not primarily fiction.

Hemingway' views on writing are just about what one would expect:

> If a man writes clearly enough any one can see if he fakes. If he mystifies to avoid a straight statement, which is very different from breaking so-called rules of syntax or grammar to make an

> effect which can be obtained in no other way, the writer takes a longer time to be known as a fake and other writers who are afflicted by the same necessity will praise him in their own defense.[1]

> When writing a novel a writer should create living people; people not characters. A character is a caricature. If a writer can make people live there may be no great characters in his book, but it is possible that his book will remain as a whole; as an entity; as a novel.[2]

There are no particular political views expressed in the book, and yet there are some definite indications as to which side Hemingway will line up on when the authoritarian tradition fights it out with the democratic tradition. A sort of unconscious development of a social philosophy seem to be taking place:

> The bull Oficial... gored a civil-guard, broke the leg and three ribs of a municipal guard, and the right arm of a night watchman. He would have been an ideal animal to turn loose when police are clubbing manifestants in front of the city hall. Had he not been killed a strain of police-hating bulls might have been bred which would give the populace the advantage they lost in street fighting with the disappearance of the paving stone. A stone at short range is more effective than a club or sabre.[3]

The following purge-list also gives us some very broad hints of a similar sentiment:

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1. Ernest Hemingway: Death in the Afternoon, p.54
2. Ibid p. 191
3. Ernest Hemingway: Death in the Afternoon, pp 111-112

> If we ever have a time when for a few days you may shoot any one you wish I believe that before starting out to bag various policemem, Italian statesmen, government functionaries, Massachusetts judges, and a couple of companions of my youth I would shove in a clip and make sure of that pair of bull ring servants.[1]

The book expresses the usual Hemingway attitudes toward sex and direct action. It seems that Hemingway has his great interest in bull fighters because they live by his code of direct action (the most important part of which is the ability to disregard consequences, whether from horns or venereal disease):

> You cannot expect a matador who has triumphed in the afternnon by taking chances not to take them in the night... Three things keep boys from promiscuous intercourse, religious belief, timidity, and fear of venereal diseases.[2]

The theme of direct action as a more effective and juster agent than legal procedure is also stated directly, if somewhat humorously:

> I once succeeded in landing a large, heavy one-peseta-fifty rented leather cushion alongside the head of the younger one during a scene of riotous disapproval in a bull ring in the north of Spain, and I am never at the ring without a bottle of Manzanilla which I hope yet I will be able to land, empty, on one or the other of them at any time rioting becomes so general that a single bottle

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1. Ibid p. 187
2. Ibid p. 103

> stroke may pass unperceived by the authorities. After one comes, through contact with its administrators, no longer to cherish greatly the law as a remedy in abuses, then the bottle becomes a sovereign means of direct action. If you cannot throw it at least you can always drink out of it.[1]

G Winner Take Nothing

In Hemingway's next book, a collection of short stories called Winner Take Nothing, we can detect change taking place. These were probably written during the period when the first serious effects of the depression were becoming obvious, and, although Hemingway certainly adopts no social philosophy in this book, his characters, like people all over the world, are losing something. Hemingway has taken no recognizable interest in the economics or politics of the world- yet he cannot seem to prevent the world situation from affecting his characters. The depression and consequent world situation resulted primarily in a loss of security for people, and it is something allied with this that Hemingway's characters have lost:

> But in general the emotions of security here obtrude themselves and dominate the book... These stories... are full of the apprehension of losing control of oneself which is aroused by the getting out of hand of a social-economic system, as well

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1. Ernest Hemingway: Death in the Afternoon, p. 188

> as of the fear of impotence which seems to accompany the loss of social mastery. And there is in such a story as A Clean Well-Lighted Place the feeling of having got to the end of everthing, of having given up heroic attitudes and wanting only the illusion of peace.[1]

One might wonder what sort of security Hemingway's former characters had to lose- broken down bull fighters, prize fighters, soldiers, hired killers do not lead exactly a life of security. And yet they did have something very important to Hemingway. Life had always been a brutal thing that never allowed a person to acquire any permanent security or happiness- and yet these characters had acquired some measure of internal security through their complete recognition of life for what it was, their courageous stoicism before its rigors, their elemental sportsmanship, and most of all their unconquerable spirit that could not keep them going after the bull- as the seriously hurt Manuel did in The Undefeated- but could even make them feel a strange exultation in the mere thrill of action. The characters in Winner Take Nothing have not lost all these qualities, but they do seem to sccept the "dirty tricks" of life in a much more passive and hopeless manner.

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, p. 225

The first story, After the Storm, is about a tough fisherman who finds a recently sunk ocean liner but is unable to get into it to get the great amount of money that is there. After trying some time in vain, he goes away and when he comes back the Greeks have cleaned it out. According to Edmund Wilson, this story is a variation of the theme of keeping up a code of decency in the hazards and pains of life- the fisherman does not get into the liner because he sees a dead woman through a port hole and thinks about the dead and so can't bring himself to do it. This seems to be a case of distortion to make the story fit Wilson's theme, however, as the fisherman, after seeing the woman in the port hole, tries every device he can to get into the ship, and only leaves when he has lost all his improvised tools in the quicksand at the bottom. The story seems rather to be concerned with the title of the book, Winner Take Nothing. The fisherman who found the liner gets nothing from it; it all goes to the Greeks, who come upon it later:

> Well, the Greeks got it all. Everything. They must have come fast all right. They picked her clean. First there was the birds, then me, then the Greeks, and even the birds got more out of her than I did.1

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "After the Storm," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 476

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "After the Storm," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 479

This harks back to Hemingway's feeling that it is always the rear echelon that gets all the benefits, and points forward to To Have and Have Not- the one to whom the reward should go somehow never gets it.

Most of the rest of the stories show characters "cracking up" in one way or another, and yet still holding on to a pathetic code of bearing it alone to preserve their self respect. Some of the stories deal with the psychological horrors borne by soldiers (A Way You'll Never Be and A Natural History of the Dead), some deal with homosexuals (The Sea Change), and one brief and pathetic little story (One Reader Writes) is about a woman writing to a sort of "Mr. Anthony"- her problem being that her husband has acquired syphilis while in China, and she is going quietly insane at not being able to make love with him, and wants advice on what she can do.

One story that shows a character with the old Hemingway stoicism diluted with the newer passiveness is A Day's Wait. A boy who is slightly sick is led to believe- through a misunderstanding concerning temperatures- that he is certain to die within a very few hours. The parents see that he behaves a little strangely, but at first suspect nothing. All day the boy waits to die,

This harks back to Hemingway's feeling that it is always the poor soldier that gets all the benefits, and points forward to To Have and Have Not- the one to whom the reward should go somehow never gets it.

Most of the rest of the stories show characters "cracking up" in one way or another, and yet still holding on to a pathetic code of bearing it alone to preserve their self respect.. Some of the stories deal with the psychological horrors borne by soldiers (A Way You'll Never Be and A Natural History of the Dead), some deal with homosexuals (The Sea Change), and one brief and pathetic little story (One Reader Writes) is about a woman writing to a sort of "Mr. Anthony"- her problem being that her husband has acquired syphilis while in China, and she is going quietly insane at not being able to make love with him, and wants advice on what she can do.

One story that shows a character with the old Hemingway stoicism diluted with the newer pensiveness is A Day's Wait. A boy who is slightly sick is led to believe- through a misunderstanding concerning temperatures- that he is certain to die within a very few hours. The parents see that he behaves a little strangely, but at first suspect nothing. All day the boy waits to die,

trying hard not to bother anyone with his trouble. The psychological strain on the boy is terrific, and the tremendous effort is shown by the after-effects:

> The hold over himself relaxed too, finally, and the next day it was very slack and he cried very easily at little things that were of no importance.1

Direct action seems to have fled this group of Hemingway characters- the only part of the code left is to take it without bothering others. In a story about a group of crippled people in a hospital, one of the characters who has suffered much shows this regard for the necessity of not bothering others with one's suffering:

> "You have the radio. If I had a private room and a radio I would be crying and yelling all night long."
> "I doubt it."
> "Hombre, si. It's very healthy. But you cannot do it with so many people."2

There are two stories that concern themselves with religion, however, and in these we see the author showing the seed for a religion that will put the happiness of men before unnatural mystical trash. The Light of the

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1. Ernest Hemingway; "A Day's Wait," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 537
2. Ibid, "The Gambler, the Nun and the Radio," p.580

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1. Ernest Hemingway; "A Day's Wait," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 809
2. Ibid, "The Gambler, the Nun and the Radio," p.800

World is about two whores telling of their experiences with a certain fighter who seems to be so perfect that he is a sort of symbol of Christ Himself. One of the women idealizes the fighter into a very unreal, artifical personality. The other, more horrible looking but somehow more wholesome, denounces the other's mystical and romantic account of the fighter as a fraud:

> Everybody felt terribly. It was sad and embarrassing. Then Alice, who was still shaking, spoke. "You're a dirty liar," she said in that low voice. "You never layed Steve Ketchel in your life and you know it... This is true... not just made up and I know exactly what he said to me."
> "What did he say?" Peroxide asked complacently
> "He said 'You're a lovely piece, Alice.' That's exactly what he said."1

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen shows even more clearly the attitude of the author toward the tragedy that has been wrought by the misinterpretation of the real principles of Christ by the church. In this story, a fine young boy is forced by the principles he has been taught to castrate (or rather to amputate- he did not know the meaning of the word) himself. This tragedy takes place on the very birthday of Christ, and we see the irony of the title made clear.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: " The Light of the World," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, pp. 487-488

H Green Hills of Africa

In Green Hills of Africa we find Hemingway putting up a last-ditch fight against the turbulent world of the thirties that is encroaching upon the terrain of all writers. He wants to go back to a simple way of looking at life, and has to go deep into Africa to do it. This book is the supposedly true account of a month's experience hunting in Africa. It is considered one of his least important books, and it is true that when Hemingway is writing about himself as an actual person he does not seem to be able to generate the emotional power or present experiences with the over-tones of meaning as well as he does in fiction.

> He does try to present his own role objectively, and there is a genuine Hemingway theme- the connection between success at big-game hunting and sexual self respect- involved in his adventures as he presents them. But the sophisticated technique of the fiction writer comes to look artificial when it is applied to a series of real happenings; and the necessity of sticking to what really happened makes impossible the typical characters and incidents which give point to a work of fiction.1

The book gives some of the author's opinions on writing and writers- similar to those in Death in the Afternoon. There are some good descriptions of the

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, p. 227

African terrain, and the members of the hunting expedition act and speak as characters in a novel would.

Hemingway seems to have returned to his theme of direct action- here the killing of big game- as the most important element in life. He seems to be trying to assert some of his former philosophy, and not quite being able to believe it himself:

> Hemingway keeps affirming- as if in accents of defiance against those who would engage his attention for social problems- his passionate enthusiasm for the African country and his perfect satisfaction with the hunter's life..."1

The world is beginning to catch up with Ernest Hemingway.

I To Have and Have Not

In To Have and Have Not Hemingway, like his main character Harry Morgan, says good-by to his long-cherished world of complete individualism. Something important is happening to Hemingway and, like the novel, it is confused and vaguely defined. This novel is generally considered Hemingway's worst, and yet it is perhaps the most significant in the development of

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1. Edmund Wilson: The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature, p. 228

this author. It is an important part of a bridge leading from the earlier, elemental Hemingway to a much maturer and more fully developed Hemingway, capable of a much more expensive and intensive treatment of life.

The novel consists of a series of episodic adventures that Harry Morgan, owner of a small boat in Key West, engages in to support his wife and three daughters. After a rich sportsman sneaks out without paying a large bill he owes Harry for fishing, Harry is compelled to first run Chinamen, then whiskey, and finally a group of revolutionaries who have just robbed a bank. Morgan finds it necessary to kill and finally be killed in order to keep his family going.

Constrasted with this is a sort of background account of the rich people who have yachts in the harbor. The indefinite "they" of Hemingway's earlier works has finally crystallized into a definite enemy- the idle, incompetent, impotent rich. One reason, perhaps the chief reason, that this is considered a poor novel is the kind of characters used to represent the rich. They are exaggerated and treated almost as villains in a melodrama- except that their primary characteristic is weakness rather than cruelty. They are all bad, and there are no real elements of manhood among the whole group. Critics complain that he has "stacked the cards"

so that the rich don't have a chance, and then made Harry Morgan into a sort of Superman or Popeye the Sailor who does such astounding things that the whole thing is unbelievable.

At any rate, now that Hemingway has more than an indefinite "they" to battle, he throws the book at them. The rich fisherman is portrayed as lazy, cowardly, dishonest, and utterly incapable of doing anything successfully for himself- except cheating someone else out of the money due him. The great number of decadent rich introduced briefly at the end, to contrast with the real manliness of Harry Morgan, shows only a group of frustrated beings: a man who had had to give up drinking and is afraid the Bureau of Internal Revenue has at last caught up with him; a girl who, the only available man being too drunk, resorts to masturbation; a"companion" for a homosexual aristocrat, who stages a minor rebellion but does not go away. Even one family that appears to be completely happy and normal (thanks to their ability to make something for three cents and sell it for a dollar) is not really secure- the daughter is about to marry a Skull and Bones man, and the type of man who is tapped for Bones is "rarely also tapped for bed..."

It should be obvious, with all this sexual condemnation of the rich, that Hemingway's attitude toward love and sex has not changed along with his social philosophy. The most important thing in love- in fact the only thing- is the bed. When the author wants to show what a really manly creature Harry Morgan is he shows him satisfying his wife in bed. When he wants to condemn the rich, the worst kind of condemnation he can employ is to accuse them of sexual impotence. The love of Harry Morgan and his wife for each other is a little different from the love of Hemingway's former characters (they are older, have to worry about economic matters, and have three children) but it is fundamentally the same unity of the bed that unites them.

The most important part of the book, and the part that is most significant as far as the author is concerned, is the development that takes place in Harry Morgan's philosophy- from a rugged individualism in which he is willing to take on the rest of the world by himself, to the realization that no man by himself is a sufficient force to take on anything. As Harry Morgan is being brought in, fatally shot, he adds up his experience and comes to his realization- too late to do him any good- and he tries to pass it on to the men taking him back to shore. It comes out slowly and painfully

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and all confused- for that is the way he learned it:

> "A man," Harry Morgan said, looking at them both. "One man alone ain't got. No man alone now." He stopped. "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance."
>
> He shut his eyes. It had taken him a long time to get it out and it had taken him all his life to learn it...
>
> Harry Morgan looked at him but he did not answer. He had told them, but they had not heard.[1]

The significance of the title is very clear. All those who have the "guts" to live never have a chance to do so, for all the material wealth is controlled by a decadent class that cannot even attain satisfaction for themselves with it. The rich have now been identified with the rear echelon.

J The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories

This book contains the only published full length play by Hemingway, in addition to all his short stories published previously, and four new short stories.

The Fifth Column is about an American in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War who has joined the party and is engaged in counter-espionage work. Philip, the American, is another sort of Superman who successfully raids an enemy observation post, gets drunk and says

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1. Ernest Hemingway: To Have and Have Not, pp.225

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1. Ernest Hemingway: To Have and Have Not, pp.228

funny things, and arouses passion in Dorothy, a writer of magazine articles on the war for the Cosmopolitan.

A short while before, Hemingway had no interest in political ideologies, except to ridicule them. But here he seems to have gone off the deep end in the other direction. Philip serves the party in a loyal way, never seems to question the party on any issue, and bears through the difficult assignments with typical Hemingwayian stoic courage. Some of the dialogue is rather good entertainment, and there are some scenes that would doubtlessly make good drama (with a tendency toward melodrama) on the stage. But Hemingway has not yet been able to write something with a pronounced social philosophy and still make the characters real. Philip is, as has been stated a little too Superman-ish. Dorothy never quite rings true as a character. She is the kind of sophisticate-who-falls-for-the-real-man that goes over so well in slick magazines and romantic movies. Hemingway himself, in the preface, admits that her "name might also have been Nostalgia."

The love story is another bed-love affair, in which Philip eventually gives up Dorothy because she will interfere with his work. But there is too much bed-love and too little else to convince the reader that Philip is really giving up much when he goes back to his

Moorish slut.

There are some interesting, half-drawn Spanish Loyalist characters: the hotel manager with the hungry mother-in-law, the "electrical comrade" who when drunk feels compelled to make simple statements with great eloquence, and Max, the loyal and sensitive party man who has had his face so damaged that whenever he is with a woman she must look the other way. But the end result seems to leave little but the fact that fascists are dirty bastards and if you want to fight them with the communists it's a rather hard life. Hemingway is evidently not yet ready to write about the Spanish Civil War.

One of the short stories, however, indicates that Hemingway is capable of using material from this war in an artistic manner. Old Man at the Bridge is a very brief and quietly tragic story about what the war does to an old man "without politics."

The Capital of the World is a story of pre-war Madrid, in which a young man is accidently killed playing bull fighter. He dies "full of illusions," while the disillusioned people of Madrid go to cafes and the Garbo movie, and are disappointed in them both. The theme of anti-romanticism is very cleverly brought out by quickly shifting the scene from the boy with illusions to the reality of sickly and cowardly bull fighters keeping up

pretences, priests who are not allowed to even see the superior they have come a long distance to confer with, and the movie audience whistling and stamping their feet in disapproval.

The Snows of Kilimanjaro is a short story deriving from the African big-game hunting period, about a writer who has let his writing go and instead has spent his time and energy on rich women who can support him in fine fashion. He gets gangrene in his leg and, as the only truck has broken down, lies waiting to die. At first he spends his time insulting and being disagreeable to the rich and devated woman to whom he is now attached. But later goes back over the things in his life that he had been going to write about and now never would. At the end of the story the reader is led to think that a plane has come to save the dying man, but it turns out to be only a dream of the writer as he is dying. In the dream, the man is being taken to the top of Kilimanjaro. This is important as the story is introduced by the following factual note:

> Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and it is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called "Ngaje Agai," the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the

leopard was seeking at that altitude.1

The other of the four new stories is certainly one of the best that Hemingway has ever written. It is a long and powerfully sustained narrative, concerning a "four-letter-man" who shows up as a coward when confronted by a lion. His wife, a rather typical American woman who wants to dominate her husband, sees his exhibition of cowardice, and used that as an excuse to spend the night in bed with their guide, a very manly fellow named Wilson. But the story is called The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber, and Macomber does attain happiness. In the excitement of hunting buffalo he forgets his fear and gets to know that exultation peculiar to those who have experienced the feeling expressed by the Shakespearean quotation: "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next." He then goes on to prove himself a man in the eyes of his wife by standing up to a charging buffalo, and his wife, not wanting him as a man, shoots him while pretending to help him with the buffalo. The title implies the typically Hemingwagian philosophy that it's better to live like a

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 150.

man for a few minutes than for years like a coward. The Shakespearean quotation is an excellent synthesis of all that part of Hemingway that looked up to bull fighters as a sort of master race. It is the philosophy of a man able to take direct action because he has no fear of consequences.

K The Spanish Earth

In his preface to The Fifth Column Hemingway states: "They will also say, and have said, that it does not present the nobility of the cause of the Spanish people. It does not attempt to. It will take many plays and novels to do that, and the best ones will be written after the war is over."[1] Therefore, perhaps we should not complain because he does not achieve what he claims is not his purpose. But there is a work of the Hemingway of this time that does try to give a picture of the Spanish people fighting for their chance for democracy. This is The Spanish Earth, which was written as a running commentary to a film which Hemingway helped to make-both through financial aid and in the actual photographing of the scenes. The book was published without his

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p.vi

permission, and of course cannot be judged apart from the scenes it was written to accompany. And yet we find in it, two years before we are to have the real evidence, that Hemingway is capable of doing something great with the Spanish Civil War- something more than a sort of romantic melodrama about counter-espionage.

In the first place, if there is a hero, it is the Spanish people. And there is a sincere simplicity in the brief statements about the Spanish people who are shown working on and fighting for their land. Hemingway is satisfied to let the people tell the story for themselves.

This little work also has a ring of honesty about it that the play did not have. For although this work may be classified as "propaganda" for the Loyalist cause. the Hemingway who could admire the courage of the charging lion he was killing comes forward and admits there are brave- although misdirected- men on the other side also:

> Living in the cellars of that ruined building are the enemy. They are Moors and Civil Guards. They are brave troops or they would not have held out after being in a hopeless position. But they are professional soldiers fighting against a people in arms. Trying to impose the will of the military on the will of the people.[1]

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Spanish Earth, p. 34

The final reel contains a brief but beautiful expression of the comradeship of men in arms going into battle- a theme Hemingway is to extend and elaborate on in the future:

> This is the moment that all the rest of war prepares for, when six men go forward into death to walk across a stretch of land and by their presence on it prove- this land is ours. Six men were five. Then four were three, but these three stayed, dug in and held the ground. Along with all the other fours and threes and twos that started out as sixes. The bridge is ours.1

This little book should have been an indication that something great would come out of Hemingway's connection with the Spanish Civil War- something much greater than anything he had ever done before. And in 1940 it came.

L Summary of Hemingway's Artistic Technique to This Period

Before going on to a discussion of the work showing the fruition of Hemingway's powers to date, let us briefly consider the artistic devices and experimental methods that he has employed to express his themes up to this time. We have thus far been primarily concerned with what he has to say; but the great attention given to the

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Spanish Earth, pp. 51-52

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1. Ernest Hemingway: The Spanish Earth, pp. 81-82

"Hemingway style" by critics would indicate that he is using some entirely new artistic method in his writing. And if we compare his writing with that of the writers considered important in a literary way in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, many differences do immediately present themselves. The "style" of Hemingway seems far removed from that of the Henry Jameses and the Edith Whartons. In his choice of words, his sentence structure, his use of conversation, his characters and the events in which they operate, Hemingway is evidently striving for something very different from what has gone before.

There are many ways in which his manner of writing differs from what had previously been accepted as a "literarily acceptable" style, and yet all the changes appear to have one general purpose in common. Whatever else they do, they all make it possible for the reader to actually experience the scenes, events, and meanings of the stories in a much more vivid and life-like manner than was heretofore possible. Everything is constructed so that the reader is given all the details necessary for completely experiencing a situation- and given them in the way that life itself gives them: straight-from-the-shoulder, without artificial sentimentalizing and philosophizing by the author. Technically speaking,

the author cuts himself out of the work entirely, so that the story may come as close to a direct experience for the reader as is possible in a written work. In his introduction to an edition of A Farewell to Arms, Ford Maddox Ford expresses the real power of Hemingway's prose:

> ...But A Farewell to Arms is without purple patches or even verbal "felicities." While you are reading it you forget to applaud its author. You do not know that you are having to do with an author. You are living. [1]

Hemingway's "style" is therefore a functional style- not existing as a thing apart from the artistic whole of the work, but serving the function of making the work a living thing capable of being experienced- not merely read about. Just how Hemingway accomplishes his effect is a complicated matter of language and psychology, and a full investigation into this has not yet been attempted. (The only serious beginning is Joseph Warren Beach's two essays in American Fiction: 1920-1940.) Here we will attempt to show some of the distinguishing attributes of the "Hemingway style" and show how they serve the primary purpose mentioned above.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms (Modern Library edition with introduction by Ford Maddox Ford) p. xix

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Let us begin with the primary elements with which all writers must deal - words. What is immediately striking about Hemingway's choice of works is their simplicity- he seems to have imposed upon himself the discipline of using only a very limited vocabulary of short Anglo-Saxon words when the locale seems to call for them. It is the vocabulary of not merely the man in the street, but rather of the man in the ditch. He does not hesitate to use the complete idiom of the uneducated man of action, including all its vulgarity and profanity. Almost any passage might be quoted to show this attribute of Anglo-Saxon simplicity in Hemingway. The following passage is from the beginning of one of his short stories, and is a good example of how far removed the words are from what has been thought of as "literary" language.

> In the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town. No one who lived in it was out of sound of the big saws in the mill by the lake. Then one year there were no more logs to make lumber. The lumber schooners came into the bay and were loaded with the cut of the mill that stood stacked in the yard. All the piles of lumber were carried away.1

But strangely enough, this limitation of vocabulary

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The End of Something," In Our Time, p. 35

seems to have made it possible for him to achieve even greater emotional effects than could have been achieved with a much larger choice of works. The simple words seem to intensify the emotions the author is trying to convey. The simple words in the following passage have no difficulty in creating an emotional mood as well as a complete picture:

> Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Greek cavalry herded along the procession. The women and children were in the carts, crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a baby with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation.1

Although Hemingway has evidently limited himself to a narrow vocabulary, he nevertheless often gives the impression of having fitted exactly the proper words into place- as is evidenced by the fact that the impression doesn't really become apparent until one reads him with the words rather than the story in mind. He has the ability of fitting his words to his characters and actions so completely that one does not usually even notice the words at all. The following passage is told in the usual simple words, yet on examination the

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1. Ernest Hemingway: In Our Time, p. 23

words seem to express the characters and the action most appropriately:

> At two o'clock in the morning two Hungarians got into a cigar store at Fifteenth Street and Grand Avenue. Drevitts and Boyle drove up from the Fifteenth Street police station in a Ford. The Hungarians were backing their wagon out of an alley. Boyle shot one off the seat of the wagon and one out of the wagonbox. Drevitts got frightened when he found they were both dead. "Hell, Jimmy," he said, "you oughtn't to have done it. There's liable to be a hell of a lot of trouble."
>
> "They're crooks, ain't they?" said, Boyle. "They're wops, ain't they? Who the hell is going to make any trouble?"
>
> "That's all right maybe this time," said Drevitts, "but how did you know they were wops when you bumped them off?"
>
> "Wops," said Boyle, "I can tell wops a mile off."[1]

Hemingway's words are evidently not used because it's too difficult to think of some other more "literary" words. They express much more perfectly and economically than any others could just what the author wants to say. They seem to carry volumes with them. They are like simple, innocent-looking push-buttons on a board- when pushed the simple little buttons start tons of machinery into action. They are used so that a single word can convey the meaning of hundreds. In a scene in A Farewell to Arms, for example, a mere nickname is used in such a way. Henry and Catherine have at last been reunited

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1. Ibid p. 103

after a long absence, They feel an intense physical emotion toward one onother, and a desire to get away by themselves so that they may give vent to their feelings. But they have met while Catherine is havein dinner with her old-maidish friend Miss Ferguson. Miss Ferguson is something of a pathological case. She appears to disapprove of the conduct of the young couple on moral grounds- yet it is obvious that she is really a frustrated person who envies them and is afraid of being left alone by Catherine, her only contact with life. Therefore, she behaves in rather a nasty manner- first trying to send them off, and then trying to keep them from going. Catherine realizes a little the plight of her friend and tries to be kind to her, speaking to her as if she were a child, and calling her by the rather childish name of "Fergy." The name Fergy is repeated over and over by Catherine in various attempts to placate and comfort her friend. But Ferguson refuses to be comforted.

"Are you afraid to stay here alone?"
"Yes, I am."
"Then I'll stay with you."
"No, go on with him. Go with him right away. I'm sick of seeing both of you."
"We'd better finish dinner."
"No. Go right away."
"Fergy, be reasonable."

"I say get out right away. Go away both of you."

"Let's go then," I said. I was sick of Fergy.1

Lieutenant Henry's choice of the word "Fergy" is obviously the perfect choice. He has not used the word before, and when he does it bears all the connotations it has picked up in its childish uses by Catherine in attempting to comfort her friend. By using the word "Fergy" the author shows not only that Henry is sick of her, but that he is disgusted with the whole process of trying to baby a selfish, frustrated woman- which process the word "Fergy" has come to stand for in its previous usage. And by using the single word he preserves all the emotional shock that accompanies a single, cutting phrase- "I was sick of Fergy." Thus, on closer examination, what appears on the surface to be mere simplicity, is actually elaborate condensation and economy, effected in a way that increases the emotional content of the whole.

This condensation is also decidedly effective in Hemingway's descriptions of background scenes. In a few words he can create a whole background, as in the passage from The End of Something quoted above. He seems to have a certain knack for getting down the bare essentials in

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms (Modern Library edition), p. 265

any description of the out-of doors that makes the reader actually feel the scene. This particularly true in some of the Spanish scenes in The Sun Also Rises and in the short story Big Two-Hearted River.

The Hemingway selection of words has a number of advantages. Because of their simplicity, they are being used as effective communicants- as language is intended to be used. They build none of the artificial barriers between writer and reader that one finds in the elaborate vocabulary of a Henry James, or the word-playing of a James Joyce or Dos Passos. In some psychologically unexplainable way, he gets greater emotional effects from his simple words that can be acquired with a more intellectual vocabulary. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that the words he uses are used so much by everyone that they have picked up many emotional connotations, while the less common intellectual synonym has only a dry intellectual connotation. But above all, the simple words make it possible for the reader to forget that he is reading words and to concentrate on living the experience.

Turning now from the words to the sentence structure, we notice a similar simplification. This simplification is brought about in two ways. The first is by use of the extremely short sentence. A series of short sentences

may often be employed, strung together in a way that causes a staccato machine-gun effect. These sentences have intense psychological effect, seeming to pull the reader into the story even against his will- forcing him to take part in a first-hand experience. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of Hemingway's use of this technique, and certainly one of the most famous, is the scene at the bridge on the retreat from Caporetto.

> ...He was a little ahead in the jam. No one was talking. They were all trying to get across as soon as they could; thinking only of that. We were almost across. At the far end of the bridge there were officers and carabinieri standing on both sides flashing lights. I saw them silhouetted against the sky-line. As we came close to them I saw one of the officers point to a man in the column. A carabiniere went in after him and came out holding the man by the arm. He took him away from the road. We came almost opposite them. The officers were scrutinizing every one in the column, sometimes speaking to each other, going forward to flash a light in some one's face. They took some one else out just before we came opposite. I saw the man. He was a lieutenant-colonel. I saw the stars in the box on his sleeve as they flashed a light on him. His hair was gray and he was short and fat. The carabiniere pulled him in behind the line of officers. As we came opposite I saw one or two of them look at me. Then one pointed at me and spoke to a carabiniere. I saw the carabiniere start for me, come through the edge of the column toward me, then felt him take me by the collar.[1]

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms (Modern Library edition), p. 237

The second element of sentence structure that is perhaps even more characteristic of Hemingway is the compound sentence with two or more clauses connected by the simple connective and. Hemingway seems to avoid conjuntions that qualify or show any relationship between events. It is simply this happens and this happens and then this happens. Events are thrown together into a sentence, with nothing but what Joseph Warren Beach calls the "democratizing and" to relate them. And yet the effect is to produce sentences that have a strange life-like quality to them, and a faint understated irony. For example, Hemingway closes one of his stories with this sentence: "In the evening they all sat at dinner together in the garden under a plane tree and the hot evening wind blew and Elliot drank white wine and Mrs. Elliot and the girl friend made conversation and they all quite happy."[1] This is style being used functionally. How much of these characters' lives is reflected in the very sentence structure: a surface serenely simple and unruffled- stretched tightly over the inner tragedy and frustration of their lives.

But the lack of complicated relationships and the

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot," In Our Time, p. 114

reliance on the simple "and" serves most of all to thrust the reader into the story and the author into the background. The author refuses to show what relationship different events bear to each other and for a very good reason. He throws his events at his reader in an unelaborated chronological form- and so does life. Just as the reader must accept the events of life without qualifications and explanations attached- so must he receive the events in a Hemingway book. Proper relationships must be built up by the reader himself- after he has actually experienced the events in as life-like a manner as possible.

One other characteristic of Hemingway's sentence structure that is used a great deal in his later works is the extended use of the present participle. This device is probably most noticeable in the short story The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber. In almost all of the tensest moments in the story- the charge of the lion, the pursuit of the buffalo, and the charge of the last buffalo- the action is described by paragraph long sentences in which no main verb exists, all action being shown by a string of present participles. The psychological effect of this techinque is obvious- it gives to the events what Gertrude Stein likes to call "contemporariness."

There is one area in "style" of which Hemingway has generally been accepted as the master- the use of conversation. Both in the great amount of it employed and in the peculiar tone it seems to possess it is distinguishing brand for Hemingway. A brief analysis of it shows that it is first of all simple and "naturalistic" it appears to be conversation such as we all hear every day. And yet it seems somehow much more incisive and dramatic than ordinary conversation. It makes great use of repetition, taking a word or a phrase and returning to it time and again- each time with a little sharper meaning. Very effective use is made of the monosyllabic reply, as well as the reply by repeating the words of the questioner. The conversation is so constructed that a strong undercurrent of understated emotion is always present. And finally, there is as little use as possible of the "he said's" and "she answered's"- the author is again trying to make the reader forget that he is concerned with the written word and make him feel that he is engaged in an actual conversation.

Hemingway is perhaps most famous for conversations like those in The Killers, in which violent emotion lurks under the commonplace words. But it is not only the more violent emotions that Hemingway can make the reader feel through conversation. The following passage,

from Cross Country Snow, employs most of the devices mentioned above, but deals with a very different kind of emotion that the "Killers" does.

"Feel bad?" Nick asked.
"No. I feel good, but funny."
"I know," Nick said.
"Sure," said George.
"Should we have another bottle?" Nick asked.
"Not for me," George said.
They sat there, Nick leaning his elbows on the table, George slumped back against the wall.
"Is Helen going to have a baby?" George said, coming down to the table from the wall.
"Yes."
"When?"
"Late next summer."
"Are you glad?"
"Yes. Now."
"Will you go back to the States?"
"I guess so."
"Do you want to?"
"No."
George sat silent. He looked at the empty bottle and the empty glasses.
"It's hell, isn't it?" he said.
"Why not?"
"I don't know," Nick said.
"Will you ever go skiing together in the States?" George said.
"I don't know," said Nick.
"The mountains are't much," George said.
"No," said "They're too rocky. There's too much timber and they're too far away."
"Yes," said George, "that's the way it is in California."
"Yes," Nick said, "that's the way it is everywhere I've ever been."
"Yes," Said George, "that's the way it is."[1]

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "Cross Country Snow," In Our Time, pp. 145-146

Finally, we may mention Hemingway's treatment of his characters as an important element of his "style." Almost all of his characters, up to this time, were what has been called "behavioristic" characters. They react to physical stimuli in a prompt and physical manner. The author relates little of their thinking or feeling- the stories are merely a matter of their doing something and saying something. Any impressions and judgments the reader receives of the characters he must receive indirectly through their words and actions. This is of course another device which Hemingway uses to make the reader actually live the experience he is presenting. In Hemingway's first three novels, the main character in each may be classified as a "behavioristic" character. Jake in The Sun Also Rises, Lieutenant Henry in A Farewell to Arms, and Harry Morgan in To Have and Have Not all try to "not think about it." They are men who speak and act, and if we would know them we must know them from their speech and actions. All the minor characters are given the completely objective treatment as well. This does not mean that these characters are not individualized and have no depth. All of these characters are people with definite personalities, and their personalities are quickly realized by the discerning reader. In the following passage from A Farewell to Arms, we see clearly

the character of the priest, as well as something of those around him, and yet all we have is a few words of conversation.

> We two stopped talking and the captain said, "Priest not happy. Priest not happy without girls."
> "I am happy, said the priest.
> "Priest not happy. Priest wants Austrians to win the war," the captain said. The others listened. The priest shook his head.
> "No," he said.
> "Priest wants us never to attack. Don't you want us never to attack?"
> "No. If there is a war I suppose we must attack."
> "Must attack. Shall attack!"
> The priest nodded.
> "Leave him alone," the major said. "He's all right."
> "He can't do anything about it anyway," the captain said. We all got up and left the table.[1]

We may conclude that Hemingway's technique has been one attempting to increase the participation of the reader in reading his stories and to make him live them. He has tried to accomplish this by giving the external actions and words of the situation, so arranged that they convey meaning and emotion without ever letting the author get in the way of the reader's experiencing. Simple Anglo-Saxon words, uncomplicated yet very effective sentence structure, an artistic use of conversation, and behavioristic characters all contribute to this end.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms (Modern Library edition), p. 14

M For Whom the Bell Tolls

It is fast becoming recognized that when Hemingway synthesized his Spanish Civil War experience into the novel For Whom the Bell Tolls, he not only surpassed anything he had ever written, but produced a masterpiece surpassed perhaps only once or twice in the history of the American novel. Many critics have written glowing praise about it, and even those who were somewhat antagonistic toward Hemingway's work previous to this novel have had to admit its worth.

> In certain ways, contemporary American fiction opens with Ernest Hemingway... Whether he continued to be himself an expanding force was open to question up to October 1940; whether he still had things to offer that would add appreciably to the record. There were signs in To Have and Have Not (1937) that some maturing process was going on in him which, if it was completed, might add something to what he had to say... Now, with the publication of For Whom the Bell Tolls, we have the answer to this question. His latest novel is the largest in scope, the most accomplished in technique, and the strongest in effect of anything he has written. And it demonstrates that he did indeed have something to say, something positive and tonic, which he had never said before, certainly not with the explicitness and power of the present statement...
>
> In For Whom the Bell Tolls he has reached farther and higher on this road than in any earlier work. And the reason is obvious enough. Here for the first time he has found a subject that justifies the more positive statements about human nature.[1]

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1. Joseph Warren Beach: American Fiction 1920-1940, pp69-70

Edmund Wilson, who has been at times a rather severe critic of Hemingway, recognizes the excellence in this novel. In a brief note, added to his essay on Hemingway written before For Whom the Bell Tolls was published, he has the following to say (talking about the "Bourdon gauge" or straightening-under-pressure attribute of Hemingway):

> The appearance of For Whom the Bell Tolls since this essay was written in 1939 carries the straightening process further. Here Hemingway has largely sloughed off his Stalinism and has reverted to seeing events in terms of individual odds... The psychology of this young man is presented with a certain sobriety and detachment in comparison with Hemingway's other full-length hero's; and the author has here succeeded as in none of his earlier books in externalizing in plausible characters the elements of his own complex personality. With all this, there is an historical point of view which he has learned from his political adventures: he has aimed to reflect in this episode the whole course of the Spanish War and the tangle of tendencies involved in it.[1]

Perhaps the best known review of For Whom the Bell Tolls is the one by Clilton Fadiman, and he is not stinting in his praise for the tremendous development that this novel shows has taken place in the author:

...This book is not merely an advance on A

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1. Clifton Fadiman: "Ernest Hemingway Crosses the Bridge," The New Yorker, Oct. 26, 1940.

> Farewell to Arms. It touches a deeper level than any sounded in the author's other books. It expresses and releases the adult Hemingway, whose voice was first heard in the groping To Have and Have Not. It is by a better man, a man in whom works the principle of growth, so rare among American writers... The full life lived by Robert and Maria spills over into your mind as you read, so the three days and three nights are added to your life, and you are larger and more of a person on page 471 than on page 1. That is one test of a first-rate work of fiction.1

The novel is about three days (the last three days) in the life of Robert Jordan, an American instructor in Spanish who has joined the Loyalist forces as a dynamiter and has been assigned the job of blowing up a bridge with the help of a guerilla band. During the three days he must meet and deal with disloyalty on the part of the leader of the guerilla band, unique and individual attitudes on the part of the guerillas, and doubts within himself concerning the possibility of success and whether or not success is worth attaining. But he does meet and fall in love (and it's real love this time) with a beautiful Spanish girl who has suffered terrible physical and psychological horror at the hands of the Nationalists, and who had been rescued by the guerilla band when they had blown up a train. Overcoming tre-

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1. Clifton Fadiman: "Ernest Hemingway Crosses the Bridge," The New Yorker, Oct. 26, 1940.

mendous handicaps with his own determination and the loyal devotion of the guerillas, he finally accomplishes his mission, but is wounded so that beautiful Spanish girl who has become a symbol for all abused and suffering people everywhere- with the band to escape, and remains behind to cover their retreat and meet certain death.

In writing a great novel, an author must have achieved an important realization about life, and in the novel he must try to make the reader achieve the same realization through a lived experience. This indicates two areas that must be inquired into in evaluating any novel. First, has the author made his story so compelling and true to life that it is possible for the reader to achieve the realization through living the experience?

Concerning the first there is little doubt that for this novel the answer must be in the affirmative. A novel is made to live by characters, action, description and dialogue that lives. In addition, if the novel is to have an epic intention, the characters must be representative as well as alive. Hemingway has provided us with some of the most alive and meaningful characters ever created. Merely to list them and tell their characteristics- defined and implied- would take a work the size of a novel itself. Robert Jordan is Hemingway's

first real thinking character, By use of the stream-of consciousness technique the reader lives his doubts, questionings, love and exultations. He is a character who is continually developing psychologically throughout the book. After killing a soldier he has a chance to go through the soldier's letters and finds he was a young boy with a very religious sister and a fiancee almost hysterical for his safety:

> I guess I've done my good deed for today, he said to himself. I guess you have, he repeated... All right then, drop it, he said to himself. All right, it's dropped. But it wouldn't drop that easily. How many is that you have killed? he asked himself. I don't know. Do you think you have a right to kill anyone? No. I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. But they are all the enemy to whose force we are opposing force. But you like the people of Navarre better than those of any other part of Spain. Yes. And you kill them. Yes. If you don't believe it go down there to the camp. Don't you know it is wrong to kill? Yes. But you do it? Yes. And you still believe absolutely that your cause is right? Yes.[1]

None of the characters are sketches or puppets- each one lives in a very real way. Maria is so human it hurts. Pablo is no villain, but a complex and unpredictable personality. And there is Pilar, with her toughness and ugliness and her knowledge of being beautiful "inside" and her intense love for the Republic.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp. 303-304

All the members of the guerilla band spring to life- and each one is also in some way characteristic of the Spanish people. Anselmo, the loyal old man who "had a great tendency to run at Segovia," admits that he has killed. "And will again. But if I live later, I will try to live in such a way, doing no harm to any one, that it well be forgiven."[1] He is afraid that he may not fulfill his duty to the Republic in the heat of battle, but comes through triumphant in spirit, as he goes down to death at the bridge. There is Agustin, of the vile mouth and the dauntless heart, the desire to "make a massacre," and, inspite of his coarseness, a profound and pure love for Maria. Most of all, he is a man in whom the excitement of killing eliminates the fear of death. And he is dependable: ...if it is necessary that one should die for the bridge tomorrow one goes gladly and with the heart light."[2]

One of the minor members who is nevertheless just as clearly drawn is Fernando- the grave little man of great dignity and seriousness. The kind of man who could be sent sixty miles for a left-handed monkey wrench- but the kind of man who would stick his head in the mouth

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 41
2. Ibid, p. 292

of a lion if he were told it were necessary to do so for the Republic. El Sordo, the intelligent and utterly dependable leader of another band, who willingly goes to meet death on a lonely hilltop, accepting without complaint the trick of nature that led to his death- snow in the month of May. Joaquin, a member of El Sordo's band, a young boy of many Communist slogans and much adolescent idealism, who goes to his death fighting like the men around him. The Russian General Golz, the military genius hampered by lack of planes and too much control from the rear; Comrade Marty, the jealous, half-mad political muddler; Gomez, the ex-barber battalion commander who curses the stupidity of the obstructionists and becomes the chauffeur for Andres in order to get an important message through; Karkov, the Russian journalist; Lieutenant Berrendo; Captain Mora, the Nationalist officer with the bravado that leads to his useless death. Each one alive and human and different from the others. Never before has Hemingway attempted characterization on such a large scale, nor with such success. His treatment of the characters is reminiscent of Dostoevskii in The Brothers Karamazov- every character must be made a human being, even the ememy sentries on the bridge who are to be killed.

The exciting and realistic action and the picture-

evoking description that never gets in the way all help to make the reader live and experience the story. The "style" should also be mentioned, particularly that of the conversation. This is "style" that has nothing to do with fine writing or purple patches; this is style used in the functional sense- to highlight the main purpose of the work. Hemingway is here dealing with the shole of the Spanish Civil War- and more, with the whole problem of the dignity of man. Therefore, the conversation appears to be literal translations of Spanish, yielding what first may appear to be some very unwieldy idioms: "It is a name I could never dominate... It is inutile... Men... dependable within the gravity of the situation." There is also an extensive use of the intimate "thee" and "thou" forms. It soon is apparent that the effect of this use of language is to give to the novel a definite flavor of sincerity and dignity, well in keeping with the theme of the book.

The love story of Maria and Robert Jordan, with its implications, is another subject for innumerable essays. Suffice it to say that this is problbly Hemingway's only love story so far, nothing else of his ever having reached the heights of tenderness and considerate passion that this does. Maria has been rendered almost insane by the things that were done to her, and it is only the

tender love of Robert Jordan that can restore her to normalcy. And yet there are even larger implications to this love of Robert for Maria:

> This beautiful crop-headed Spanish girl serves to concentrate in a single figure the rule of brute force and sadistical cruelty which we have come to associate with the fascist ideology and the fascist temper. Robert Jordan finds her in the mountain camp of guerilla fighters, who have rescued her from a trainload of fascists. She had been the object of fiendish cruelty on the part of those who had shot her mother and father (republican mayor of his village), had shaved off the girl's hair to stamp her as vile, and subjected her to repeated outrage. For weeks she has been in the process of recovering from the psychic shock, and it is the tender and passionate love of Robert Jordan that finally restores her sanity by restoring her self-respect. She is, it will be seen, a kind of sacrificial lamb or virgin martyr of the cause of humanity... By means of this episode Hemingway heightens not merely the romantic glamour of his story but the sense that his theme is that of the agelong struggle of humanity against inhumanity.[1]

Robert Jordan himself realizes the significance of his love for Maria:

> I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the right of all men to work and not be hungry. I love thee as I love Madrid that we have defended and as I love all my comrades that have died.[2]

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1. Joseph Warren Beach: American Fiction 1920-1940, pp. 91-92
2. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 348

Assuming now that the author has succeeded in presenting us with an opportunity to live and experience for ourselves his realization- just what is this realization and is it of sufficient importance to justify the treatment? Briefly stated, it is this: The most important thing in life is the bond that unites all men. Any true religion will make this its primary premise. Unfortunately, too often religion degenerates into "inquisitions and crusades" that tend to tear down this most fundamental element of religion. A religion that works in the interest of mankind states something entirely removed from inquisitions and strife to maintain organizational supremacy. "He is a Christian. Something very rare in Catholic countries."[1] No man is alone, and the only real satisfaction in life comes with realization of the interpendence of all human beings- whether expressed in one's love for a girl, one's loyalty to one's comrades in battle, or one's devotion to the cause of the freedom of all men. The book becomes a powerful living experience leading to the realization expressed in the introductory quotation- one of the most powerful and comprehensive sentences

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 287

ever written: "No man is an Iland, intire or it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Manor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee."[1]

Comparing For Whom the Bell Tolls with Hemingway's previous work, we are confronted by a strange paradox. It is at the same time a radical departure from and yet a culmination of all his other work. This novel far surpasses any previous work both in comprehensivesess of theme and in artistic skill. And yet we can find, in his previous work, many of the themes and tendencies that indicate what was to come. And we find some themes that have gone through a gradual change until almost the opposite is being asserted.

Hemingway's early conception that life is brutal would seem to appear in his latest novel also. At least, the hero and a large number of the important characters are killed. But there is a great difference. Life is now not necessarily brutal; it has been made

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1. Ibid, Introductory quotation

that way by certain people and organizations, and if they can be beaten people may be able to lead happy and satisfying lives. The cards may be stacked against you, but it is tangible, defeatable men and not irrevocable Fate who is doing the stacking. The indefinete "they" has become definite groups, including the fascists, the Catholic Church, the untrustworthy leaders of the people, and all who want to exploit people and destroy the bond that is between them.

We could see the hatred of what fascism could do to a people as far back as the short story Che Ti Dice La Patria, and this story also shows us that Hemingway could be interested in epic themes. His including the Catholic Church as an enemy of the people shows a gradual development from the desire for belief but the realization of the dichotomy between the ideals of Christ and the teachings of the Church, expressed in God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen, and so down to the present belief that the Catholic Church is helping to tear down the very thing that true religion should be striving to build up.

Hemingway's earlier characters were for the most part alone against the world. Harry Morgan fought it out alone, and at the end realized that such a fight was doomed to failure. Now his characters relize, in

at least an elemental sort of way, that "no man is an Iland intire of itself," and go on to death with comrades guarding their flanks, and accept death guarding the flanks of their comrades.

In The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms Hemingway gave indications of being able to express the character of a people through his characters. But Piani and Aymo of A Farewell to Arms, and the undifferentiated Spanish peasants of The Sun Also Rises are like dwarfs beside giants when stood beside those triumphs of representative humanity: Pablo, Pilar, Anselmo, Fernando, and all the rest.

The stoicism of Jake and Manuel Garcia are still present in Robert Jordan, El Sordo, and just about all the rest of the characters. But it is a stoicism that sees a possible better life in the future- for someone else, if not for them. The elemental sportsmanship is still present, but now it leads to complicated situations like Robert Jordan's admitting the good that is in the enemy, and questioning whether it is right to kill them.

One theme that has run the whole length of Hemingway's work and is stronger than ever in the latest is his anti-rear-echelon sentiment. The whole purpose of Andres's ride on the motorcycle is to show the various species of stupid and incompetent leeches that

attach themselves to the army in policy-making positions.

Perhaps the most startling development in Hemingway is the development that has taken place in his attitude toward love. Up until this book, love had been just a physical experience. Now, in one book, he not only jumps to the stage in which love is a tender and compassionate relationship between two people, but to the very advanced stage in which it is a relationship symbolic of all that is important in life.

Finally, we find that, like Hemingway's earlier characters, his newer ones get a certain enjoyment merely from action, But now action itself is not enough. It is not enough to go hunting or fishing for one's own benefit- the greater joy comes from fighting beside and even dying for one's companions.

For a writer to develop his philosophy and improve his technique as he goes along is not unusual, although certainly not always the case. But in For Whom the Bell Tolls, we are confronted with an author developing in a hundred ways at once, and reaching a very advanced stage of development in each one of them- in the same book. For Whom the Bell Tolls, it seems, is somewhat of a miracle.

CHAPTER III

THE ADAPTABILITY OF HEMINGWAY TO THE SCREEN

Before turning to the detailed study of certain attempts to put the work of Ernest Hemingway on the screen, let us inquire into the general adaptability of his work to the motion picture medium. A mere superficial reading of Hemingway shows immediately many traits in his writing that make it excellent screen material. It also shows there are certain technical and conventional difficulties which the motion picture producer must overcome.

In the first place, comparison of a shooting script used in a movie production with a conventional novel reveals some very definite differences. A shooting script states merely what happens and what is said- there is no opportunity for literary embellishment. And is not this bare kind of writing exactly the kind of writing in which Hemingway has been excelling for over twenty years? His writing has very little of the complicated literary techniques many artists have used to obtain their effects: little of the descriptive symbolism of a Steinbeck, little of the elaborate stream-of-conscious-

ness of a Joyce (although we have noted the Hemingway has turned to a simplified use of this device for much of his effect in For Whom the Bell Tolls). Almost as much as a movie script, his primary effects have depended on who did what and who said what when. This is aptly demonstrated in what is perhaps already on of the best known seenes in American literature- the lunch-room scene of The Killers:

> The door of Henry's lunch-room opened and two men came in. They sat down at the counter.
> "What's yours?" George asked them.
> "Idon't know," one of the men said. "What do you want to eat Al?"
> "I don't know, said Al. "I don't know what I want to eat."
> Outside it was getting dark. The street-light came on outside the window. The two men at the counter read the menu. From the other end of the counter Nick Adams watched them. He had been talking to George when they came in.
> "I'll have roast pork tenderloin with apple sauce and mashed potatoes," the first man said.
> "It isn't ready yet."
> "What the hell do you put it on the card for?"
> "That's the dinner," George explained. "You can get that at six o'clock."
> George looked at the clock on the wall behind the counter.
> "It's five o'clock."
> "The clock says twenty minutes past five," the second man said.
> "It's twenty minutes fast."
> "Oh, to hell with the clock," the first man said. "What have you got to eat?"1

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Killers," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 337

Another element in Hemingway's writing that makes it particularly adaptable to the screen is the type of action contained in much of it. It is violent, exciting action, with an ominous back-drop of ever-present death- exactly the sort of action that has always proven effective on the screen. Hemingway's novels and short stories overflow with these dramatic, death-filled moments: the blowing of the bridge in For Whom the Bell Tolls; the moving and meaning-filled last stand of El Sordo on the hill-top, in the same book; the retreat from Caporetto in A Farewell to Arms; the shooting of the revolutionists that opens To Have and Have Not, as well as the gun battle between Harry Morgan and the four revolutionists on the boat; the two exciting hunting scenes in The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber. Any of these and an innumerable list of others have the makings of excellent movie scenes. And let us not be too hasty in criticizing the "blood and thunder" tendency of movie scenes- perhaps the tremendous abundance of "blood and thunder" on the screen is due less to the "low taste of the average audience" than to the suitability of such material to this particular medium of artistic expression.

Aside from action, there is one other important method of presenting character and underlying emotions on the screen- through the use of conversation, And

here also we find Hemingway remarkably adapted to screen use. As we have stated, he has long been noted as a master of the use of artistically conceived and entertaining conversation- to present not only the situation his characters find themselves in, but to suggest subtly and explicitly their complex emotional states. Almost any Hemingway short story or novel could be quoted to illustrate this characteristic of Hemingway's writing. But perhaps one of the best examples of a simple conversation that conveys tremendous overtones of complicated emotion and psychological meaning is this brief scene from The Cat in the Rain. The American wife has just returned to her hotel room without finding a cat that she had seen outside her window and had suddenly wanted very much:

> "Did you get the cat?" he asked, putting the book down.
> "It was gone."
> "Wonder where it went to," he said, resting his eyes from reading.
> She sat down on the bed.
> "I wanted it so much," said she. "I don't know why I wanted it so much. I wanted that poor kitty. It isn't any fun to be a poor kitty out in the rain."
> George was reading again.
> She went over and sat in front of the mirror of the dressing table looking at herself with the hand glass. She studied her profile, first one side and then the other. Then she studied the back of her head and her neck.
> "Don't you think it would be a good idea if I let my hair grow out?" she asked, looking at her

profile again.

George looked up and saw the back of her neck, clipped close like a boy's.

"I like it the way it is."

"I get so tired of it," she said. "I get so tired of looking like a boy."

George shifted his position in the bed. He hadn't looked away from her since she started to speak.

"You look pretty darn nice," he said.

She laid the mirror down on the dresser and went over to the window and looked out. It was getting dark.

"I want to pull my hair back tight and smooth and make a big knot at the back that I can feel," she said. "I want to have a kitty sit on my lap and purr when I stroke her."

"Yeah?" George said from the bed.

"And I want to eat at a table with my own silver and I want candles. And I want it to be spring and I want to brush my hair out in front of a mirror and I want a kitty and I want some new clothes."

"Oh, shut up and get something to read," George said. He was reading again.1

Another element in Hemingway's writing that makes it excellent for adaptation to the screen- of lesser importance but not to be overlooked- is the settings for the stories. In brief, sense-appealing descriptions, Hemingway makes the reader feel the compelling and often picturesque back-drops of his stories. And they are the sort of back-drops that can give such beauty and epic quality to the screen, particularly when translated into technicolor: the green hill of Africa; the blue water off Key West; the bull ring at Pamplona; the forests, rivers and rocky gorges of the guerilla fighters in Spain.

Finally, Hemingway's characters, besides being of the

sort that can be readily transcribed to the screen, are also the kind that are very alive and attention-compelling, once put there. They do things and say things in a dramatic yet realistic way. They cannot be classified into rigid"type" categories. They areunpredictable- not particularly Pablo in For Whom the Bell Tolls. And the main emotions playedup by these characters- physical courage and stoicism and sometimes bitter humor under fire- are emotions that the screen has proved itself well adapted for presenting. And yet perhaps more important than this- as far as adaptability to the screen is concerned- is the behavioristic aspect of Hemingway's characters, which has been discussed in the previous chapter. Particularly before For Whom the Bell Tolls we note that nearly all the characters are "uncomplicated," non-intellectual re-actors- for every external stimulus there is an external response: A carabiniere takes Lieutenant Henry by the collar. "'What's the matter with you?' I said and hit him in the face." ..."I went to the door of the room. 'You can't come in now' one of the nurses said. 'Yes I can,' I said."... Manuel is tossed by the bull. Manuel picks himself up out of the dirt, straightens his sword over his knee , and goes in again after the bull. ... Mrs. Macomber becomes disgusted with her husband because of his

cowardice- Mrs. Macomber goes in and sleeps with the guide. Wilson, the guide, has no liking for the domineering Mrs. Macomber- but when an opportunity is presented to him he accepts it without unnecessary thinking. Harry Morgan sees the Chinaman acting as if he is going to double-cross him. He kills the Chinaman. The brain appears to have been surgically removed, and thus there is no mechanism to get in the way of the stimulus-reaction chain.

This sort of character is obviously one that is well-adapted to being portrayed on the screen, where actions speak louder than words, and thoughts not at all.

It must be admitted, however, that the producer who attempts the presentation of any Hemingway work on the screen is confronted with some problems both difficult and delicate. These problems are of two kinds. First, there are the technical problems. In For Whom th Bell Tolls we have at last a "thinking character" and there is the problem of how to get on the screen in an effective manner the simple but often very necessary bits of stream-of-consciousness that Hemingway has employed in this work. It is certainly a difficult matter to present thoughts like the following on the screen:

> We were going awfully good when that thing hit us, he thought. But it was only luck it didn't come while I was under the bridge. You were bitched when they gave Golz those orders. That was what you knew and it was probably that which Pilar felt. But later on we will have these things better organized. We ought to have portable short wave transmitters. Yes, there's a lot of things we ought to have. I ought to carry a spare leg, too...
>
> I can't wait any longer, he said. If I wait any longer I'll pass out. I know because I've felt it starting to go three times now and I've held it. I held it all right. But I don't hemorrhage there from where that thigh bone's cut around inside. Especially on that turning business. That makes the swelling and that's what weakens you and makes you start to pass. It would be all right to do it now. Really, I'm telling you that it would be all right.
>
> And if you wait and hold them up even a little while or just get the officer that may make all the difference. One thing well done can make-
>
> All right, he said.1

And then there is the difficult matter of how to retain the effects that Hemingway has achieved primarily through what we have termed his "functional style." After all, no matter how much conversation and action a writer may employ, there are fundamental differences between the medium of the written word and that of the screen. The author must rely entirely on words and that of the screen. The author must rely entirely on words and their arrangement to get all his effect, while the screen has a much wider range of devices available for use, appealing more directly to both the sight and

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp. 469-470

sound sense of the audience. But the very limitations imposed upon the author make him seek to obtain maximum effect from verbal devices. And even the un-literary Hemingway, we have seen, has word and sentence-structure devices he finds it necessary to use. These devices are of course simple enough so that they may be adapted to the screen- but the point is that they must be adapted. The script writer cannot merely put down the words used in the conversation and a resume of the action and throw the rest out. The movie must strive ofr devices in its own medium to adequately present these subtle effects that are not contained in the dialogue and direct action alone. And it sometimes is a difficult undertaking. For with words it is so easy to manipulate action to correspond to the desired effect of the author. For instance, we have seen that it is a Hemingway device to compress a number of events that happen over an extended period of time into one sentence with the use of the conjunction "and," and to obtain a meaningful irony thereby. A Farewell to Arms closes with a sentence of this nature:

> But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked

back to the hotel in the rain.1

Obviously, much of the effect of this closing paragraph is in its brevity and superficial simplicity. But if this last paragraph were transcribed directly to the screen, the effect would be almost completely lost.

And again, the form of a novel as a whole is different from that of a movie. The author can unite his work effectively- even if it is spread over a large area in time and space- through various verbal means. The author can, when he feels it necessary, generalize in both time and space, while the movie must be constructed of scenes each having a definite time and place. The first two chapters of A Farewell to Arms, for instance, utilize generalized sentences and say a great deal in a few brief pages. "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that lokked across the river and the plain to the mountains." How can one "live" through the late summer before the camera in a few seconds? "Sometimes in the dark we heard the troops marching under the window and guns going past pulled by motor-tractors. There was much traffic at night and many mules on the roads with boxes

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1. Ernest Hemingway: A Farewell to Arms (Modern Library edition), p. 355

of ammunition on each side of their pack-saddles and gray motor-trucks that carried men, and other trucks with loads covered with canvas that moved slower in the traffic." How can you put "sometimes" on the screen? And how do you show "much" traffic on a road- getting the effect of continuous traffic, not just one scene of traffic? While the novel can describe much generalized action and not lose its smoothness and continuity, the movie, if it tries to do the same thing with separate scenes, becomes jumpy, unrealistic, and iritating. No doubt these difficulties can be overcome by men of seriousness and artistic genius- but new screen devices must be employed to do so.

Many of these difficulties are tied up with the problem of representing time on the screen, and there is another serious time problem that should be mentioned here. An author can control the tempo of his action so completely that his readers not only get all that happens, but also the meaning of the happenings. If a scene of great excitement is supposed to convey a certain impression or meaning, the writer can slow down his time dimension and use a great number of words to describe a small action. He can describe all its minor aspects and survey his main action from many angles until he has said what he wants to say about the

scene. And the reader himself can control tempo. When he feels that the material seems to warrant it, he can read more slowly and can even go back and make sure he has the full meaning of the author. Not so in the movie. Volumes of meaning may be contained in one brief action, but as the action must go forward at life-speed, no audience can stay with it and get anything except a superficial impression. And there is no going back. Likewise with conversation: a great deal of meaning may be conveyed in a few lines of dialogue- but if it is rattled off as it evidently would have been in a real life situation, there is no time for realization and interpretation. This whole problem is particularly important in Hemingway's writing, because of the nature of the action. Scenes like Harry Morgan's gun-fight or Robert Jordan's blowing of the bridge are filled with action so violent and emotion-stirring that the very excitement of it, proceeding rapidly from shock to shock, is enough to keep the audience from experiencing anything other than the tremendous violence that is on the surface. It is all they can do to hold on to their seats and wait for the next sensation. Trying to get any meaning from these experiences is like trying to read the editorial page on the roller-coaster.

Thus the movie producer is confronted with a choice.

He can try to devise new methods to try to put across what the author intended to say, or he can forget the author's intentions entirely and go on to use the scenes of violent action and suspenseful dialogue to exploit the conventional emotional reactions of the usual movie audience toward such scenes.

These conventional emotional reactions are in themselves a difficult psychological problem for the serious screen-writer to circumnavigate. The average movie audience has gone through a long conditioning period in which it has seen almost every conceivable situation worked and reworked, for the same stock emotional effect each time, until the situation produces the appropriate emotional effect as a conditioned response. And once the rat has been trained to jump for the right-hand door, it is impossible for him to jump any other way without a mental crisis. An exciting scene is just to make you get excited before the hero solves the whole thing, and so the blood races obediently through the veins at a faster rate. A comedy scene is to be laughed at, and if the gypsy's coming back with the rabbits has any larger meanings tied up in it it is lost in the laughter. Every scene in which emotion is exchanged between man and woman is another "love scene," and the audience goes into its stock response- sighing

ecstatically or going back to throwing popcorn at the other kids down in the front row. With these conditioned responses always ther, waiting to be stirred by a mere suggestion of the customary actions, the temptation is always great for the producer to fall back on a meaningless exploitation of them with a dose of the "same old stuff."

But there are other problems, also, that have nothing to do with techinque. The American people, it seems, are fortunate enough to have certain organizations to make their decisions for them in the matter of public morals. We have the League of Decency and other allied organizations, consisting of Sir Galahads ever ready to do battle to eliminate all public expression or profanity and obscenity from the American scene, evidently feeling that the accomplishment of this will immediately result in the removal of profanity and obscenity from the American character. With these ever alert watch-dogs continually sniffing the artistic atmosphere, it is rather difficult see how the bedroom scenes in The Fifth Column or the bed-roll scenes in For Whom the Bell Tolls could be presented in a way even approximating that intended by the author- unless the producer wanted to do battle with the self-elected moral elite of our communities. And it is difficult to see how the producer, who wants primarily

to make money on his picture, could present something like the following without endangering his market:

> Oh, the dirty, vile, treacherous sod. The dirty rotten crut. Why couldn't he have just mucked off and not have taken the exploder and the detonators? Why was I such an utter goddamned fool as to leave them with that bloody woman? The smart, treacherous ugly bastard. The dirty cabron.1

There is actually no compulsory regulation of what may be put on the screen. Instead, and probably to keep from legal regulation, the industry has set up its own code which it follows voluntarily. The following excerpt from a review of a new book on the movies shows how the inelastic nature of this code tends to keep important subjects from being treated either realistically or significantly:

> However, the book contains numerous facts; and one of the most interesting is that the formula that lies at the core of the motion picture Production Code (which was written by a Jesuit) is one of "compensating moral values." That is, a bad lawyer is balanced by a good lawyer; if an unhappy marriage is presented there must also be a happy one; guilt, suffering, punishment must follow upon the commission of any unconventional sexual or aggressive act. In this way, the conservative morality buttressing the status quo is preserved, without ignoring modern life-experience. But, naturally, both morality and life take on a fundamental abiguity. The Code adheres not to the

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 369

> truth of life but to "morality." What is this morality which admittedly contradicts reality? It seems clear that it is nothing but the unnaked sword.
>
> When Morality no longer grows out of the necessities of life, that morality is something no self-respecting person will respect.1

There is another and certainly less excusable sort of censorship, which everyone denies is employed and yet which is taken for granted. This is censorship for religous and political reasons- the attempt on the part of certain organizations to suppress any elements of an artistic work that disagree with their own set of principles. It is very difficult to prove any actual censorship of this type, as the censoring organizations would not usually want to be accused of "putting the heat on" anything unfavorable to themselves, and producers do not like to publicly admit that they are "selling out" artistic principles to keep from alienating a segment of the paying public.

In the field of religious beliefs, it is undeniable that books that are unfavorable toward the Roman Catholic church come out in strangely mutilated forms as movies. Graham Greene's The Labyrinthine Ways, for instance, has

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1. David Bazelon: Book review of Freedom of the Movies by Ruth P. Inglis, The Nation, Aug. 9, 1947

been made into The Fugitive with this sort of result. In the book, the main character is a priest addicted to drink and possessed of an illegitimate child, sour on life, and hating those who demand solace of him. In the movie, he strangely enough comes out a saintly and noble being. And there has also been a large number of movies made glorifying the afore-mentioned church (Going My Way, The Bells of Saint Mary's, the whole gamut of Douglas tracts, etc.). It must also be admitted that we never see a wicked protestant minster in the movies, although the protestants don't seem to be batting as high when it comes to pictures showing their positive virtues. The matter of religious censorship is extremely important in considering For Whom the Bell Tolls, because of this book's obvious attitude toward the Catholic church in Spain.

Political censorship in movies is another question mark. At least there appeared to be no overt government interference with political subject-matter in movies until the recent performance of the Thomas Committee. But there certainly has been made in Hollywood no movie containing a political philosophy too far from that which is considered respectable at the local Rotary Club. With or without government intervention, there are two aspects of Hollywood that must be remembered. One is

its necessity of keeping itself from being boycotted by any irate political group, with the consequent reduction in the market. The other is its large returns from the showing of its films in almost every foreign country. Offend one of these countries even slightly and one stands not only the loss of a few million people in the potential audience of the picture, but possible estranged relations that will result in a similar loss for al the movies of that company.

In the filming of For Whom the Bell Tolls, political censorship is again of importance. For this book certainly deals with a foreign country in no uncertain terms, and also hints at political leanings not considered country-club- in America. At the time of the filming, there was much discussion in newspapers and magazines of rumors of censorship from the State Department, or direct from Franco's envoys themselves:

> Ernest Hemingway's fine novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," a powerful piece of anti-fascist writing, is now in the last stages of translation into a motion picture in Hollywood. There are persistent reports that at the demand of Franco's government, the story has been neutralized until it has lost all its significance in relation to the worldwide fight for human freedom, and has become just another soldier-and-girl love story. These reports have been denied, but so feebly that the denial carries no conviction, particularly in the film capital, where practically all public statements are made by press agents most of whom are careless with

the truth. There appears to be no doubt at all that Franco's spokesmen would interfere so outrageously in a domestic affair of the United States without at least the tacit consent of the State Department.1

The State Department replied to a letter inquiring into this situation by the following letter:

September 22, 1947

My dear Mr. Billings:

The receipt is acknowledged of your letter of September 5, 1947 requesting information concerning the motion picture film, entitled For Whom the Bell Tolls", in connection with your preparation of a graduate study of the film treatment given Mr. Ernest Hemingway's book of the same title. You request particularly whether there was ever any communication from a foreign power concerning the screening of the story from Spain, the Vatican, or "any other."

So far as I have been able to determine, no communication from any foreign power ever was received in the Department in connection with the exhibition of the motion picture under reference.

Answering you further, it is probable that the universal belief, to which you refer, that there were such communications may have resulted from press statements that the Department of State had instructed the American Embassy at Madrid to intervene with the Spanish authorities in behalf of Paramount Pictures, Inc., the company which produced the film, because of a protest made to the Department by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America to the effect that it had received information that further importations of Paramount's motion pictures into Spain would be denied because of the company's production of "For Whom the

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1. News item in The New Republic, July 19, 1943: "The Bell Tolls for Franco," p. 77

Bell Tolls" until a print of the film could be submitted to the Spanish censors for final decision. A representative of the Association actually made this statement orally to the Department, adding that the film had met with official opposition only in Argentina because of a protest made by the Spanish Embassy at Buenos Aires to the Argentine Government, but that it was not proposes to release it for public exhibition in that country.

In October 1944, the Department brought this information to the attention of the Embassy at Madrid, requesting it to take adequate and proper steps to protect the interests of the American producing company concerned. There were no further developments, however, and the suggested action against the Paramount company never was taken, nor has the film, I understand, ever been exhibited publicly in Spain.

Sincerely yours,

George R. Canty
Assistant Chief
Division of Commercial Policy

This answer would seem to be specific enough in its denial. And yet it must be noted that this answer confines itself to the exhibition of the movie, which is not the main point being considered. And of course it is impossible to tell whether Franco's representatives themselves put pressure on the producers, after receiving an unrecorded nod from some one in the State Department. It is difficult to form a definite conclusion in a matter of this nature- at least while the "heat" is still " on." The possibility of censorship, actual or threatened, does exist. But whether of not it actually did

take place in the filming of For Whom the Bell Tolls, our discussion of the film will show that the practical effects of it are very much in evidence.

It is certainly a difficult problem for the producer. A powerful pressure group in his market will not stand for certain things- things that the honesty of the author feels are necessary in order to present not only the verbal but the psychological truth of his characters. Why the producer of the screen version of a serious novel so invariably gives in to the pressure group and eliminates the questionable part should be very understandable in the light of the code and ideals of the American businessman. And perhaps it helps to explain why the only fictional American businessmen of sufficient force and verisimilitude to remain in my memory are all presented as the subjects for contemptuous satire.

CHAPTER IV

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HEMINGWAY ON THE SCREEN

The first attempt to translate a literary work of Ernest Hemingway to the medium of the screen was the Paramount production of A Farewell to Arms, released in the later part of 1932. There followed, up to the time of the writing of this thesis, five other Hemingway productions: an original documentary picture with commentary by Hemingway, two fairly serious attempts to put a short story and a novel on the screen, and two others that contained the Hemingway title, a few bits of Hemingway dialogue and action, and the impressive name of Ernest Hemingway in the newspaper ads.

The first attempt, the production of the Italian war novel A Farewell to Arms, appears to have been pretty much of a popular success, judging by the criticism of Time Magazine. It was produced by Paramount, directed by Frank Borzage, and the leading roles were played by Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes.

> A Farewell to Arms (Paramount) will disappoint only those pessimists who hearing about the difficulties that cropped up during the adaptation of Author Ernest Hemingway's sad novel and remembering

> that it made a wretched play, expected it to be a classic botch. But the picture emerges as a compelling and beautifully imagined piece of work directed by Frank Borzarge, acted to perfection by Gary Cooper- whose numb mannerisms are precisely appropriate to his role- and by Helen Hayes, whose performance is certainly as good as her work in The Sin of Madelon Claudet which Cinema Academy last month voted best of the year.1

A more critical attitude, however, is adopted by Baskshy in The Nation:

> There is little in the past performance of Hollywood producers to encourage high hopes in a film reviewer when he is preparing to see a new Hollywood film... even when an attempt is made to hitch the stars to a vehicle of recognized artistic merit. It is this disappointing fact that is glaringly evident in "A Farewell to Arms" (Criterion), the latest bid for cinematic laurels which in some usually discerning quarters has been hailed, unaccountably, as the greatest American picture ever made... it is actually merely another screen "romance," differing from its countless predecessors only in its more natural dialogue and better acting... Hemingway's simple and charming romance has been vulgarized by the injection of cheap melodramatic episodes gratuitously introduced with the apparent object of making the story more dramatic... If there is anything particularly striking with Hemingway's narrative, it is the remarkable restraint in the conduct of his character as well as his account of the various episodes. In the film there are tears and sad partings and prayers and painful complications, none of which exist in the novel. The heroine does not say goodby almost cheerfully, as she does in the book, but must come to the station by herself after the parting to watch her lover go away. She does not tell him that she is going to become a mother, but

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1. Review of A Farewell to Arms, Time Magazine, Dec. 19, 1932

> must go secretly to another country to bear her child. And all her letters to the man must be returned, so that she may collapse from shock. Nor do the two live in sin happily without much thought about proprieties. They must have a priest throw a cloak of respectability over this union by a fervent prayer for their happiness. One could go on enumerating the "happy" touches introduced by the adapters. But they are all of the same kind and their effect is invariably to strike a melodramatic note, to make the situation conform more nearly to the traditional screen conception of the tragic course of true love.1

The next Hemingway work seen on the screen was not an adaptation from one of his literary works at all, but a picture of actual scenes in the Spanish Civil War, prepared by Hemingway, the famous director Joris Ivens, and photographer John Ferno. Hemingway took some of the pictures and wrote the commentary. The film was produced by a group known as Contemporary Historians, including John Dos Passos, Lillian Hellman and Archibald MacLeish. The movie was released in the summer of 1937 and was well received by both popular and more critical reviewers.

> Long-awaited, it was conceded by preview audiences to be well worth waiting for... tell the story of the Spanish Revolution in terms of people rather than in terms of action. Not since the silent French film The Passion of Joan of Arc, has such dramatic use been made of the human face.2

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1. Alexander Bakshy: Review of A Farewell to Arms, The Nation, Jan. 4, 1933.
2. Review of The Spanish Earth, Time Magazine, Aug.23,1937

> For those wilfully or unconsciously misguided persons who see in the Spanish conflict solely a war of "ideologies" there is available at last an effective medicine. It is a film by Joris Ivens, and it is appropriately called "The Spanish Earth." Mr. Iven's picture is an utterly compelling study of a people struggling to hold the land which a democratic government had after centuries wrested from a decayed feudal aristocracy. No cries of "propaganda" can erase the pictures of Spaniards hopefully digging irrigation ditches within earshot of the guns, of men and women eagerly carrying the doors of their houses to the front to reinforce the trenches protecting Madrid, of the calm determination of farmers and workers drilling in the villages, patiently learning the manual of arms. Rarely- and then only in the accompanying comment of Ernest Hemingway- is "The Spanish Earth" an overtly provocative film. But it has an obvious and irresistible honesty and a deep, almost tender, sympathy with the Spanish people that is vastly more impressive, more powerful, than any calculated incitement could possibly be. Iven's camera is everywhere- in the attack on the university Clinic, in no man's land at Arganda bridge, in the ruins of the Duke of Alba's palace, and above all in the fields and on the streets of the cities. And as Hemingway says, "Men cannot act before the camera in the presence of death."1

In July of 1943 the screen version of Hemingway's greatest work was released. It was produced by Paramount, and was directed by Sam Wood, The screen play was written by Dudley Nichols, who had won for himself a reputation for excellence in his work on The Informer. The roles of Robert Jordan and Maria were played by Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. This produc-

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1. "The Shape of Things," The Nation, Aug. 28, 1937

tion will be discussed later in the thesis.

To Have and Have Not was the next attempt at a Hemingway production. It was released in the fall of 1944, and was produced by Warner Brothers, with Howard Hawks acting as producer-director. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall played the roles of Harry Morgan and Marie (Marie here being a young and glamourous girl, rather than a rather ugly mother of three children). The production was regarded generally as fair entertaining, but any relation between it and the Hemingway novel of the same name was purely coincidental.

Time Magazine says of it:

> To Have and to Have Not, having jettisoned a solid 90% of the Ernest Hemingway Novel... may make devotees of Hemingway the sourest boycotters since Carrie Nation. But the sea change which Producer-Director Howard Hawks supervised- for the benefit of Humphrey Bogart, Hoagy (Star Dust) Carmichael, and a sensational newcomer named Lauren Bacall... results in the kind of tinny romantic melodrama which millions of cinemaddicts have been waiting for ever since Casablanca... Harry's boat is no longer the axis between Bourgeois Key West and revolutionary Havana; he works out of wartime Martinique, and the villains are Vichyites.1

James Agee, of The Nation, finds no relation between the book and the picture, but still finds it rather good

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1. Review of To Have and Have Not, Time Magazine, Oct. 23, 1944

enterainment:

> Of the movies I have seen lately the one I liked best was To Have and Have Not. It has so little to do with Ernest Hemingway's novel that I see no point in discussing its "faithfulness"; it is rather, a sort of call-house version of Going My Way. It is not, I scuttle to explain, an upstairs story about priests. But like the better film it gets along on a mere excuse for story, takes its time without trying to brag about its budget or to reel up footage for footage's sake, is an unusually happy exhibition of teamwork, and concentrates on character and atmosphere rather than plot. The best of the picture has no plot at all, but is a leisurely series of mating duels between Humphrey Bogart at his most proficient and the entertaining, nervy, adolescent new blonde, Lauren Bacall. Whether or not you like the film will depend I believe almost entirely on whether you like Miss Bacall.1

In the fall of 1946 another Hemingway story was released as a movie. This time the producers stuck as close to the story as possible- but as the story was the very brief The Killers, a great deal more had to be added, with the result that this too seemed to have little to do with Hemingway. Only the first few minutes of the picture were "Hemingway"- after that it was conceded to be a fair cops-and-gangster picture. The picture was produced by United Artists with Burt Lancaster in the principal role.

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1. James Agee: Review of To Have and Have Not, The Nation, Nov. 4, 1944

> The Killers starts off with Ernest Hemingway's brilliant frightening story, then spends the next hour or so high-lighting all that the story so much more powerfully left in the dark. The results aren't quite what might be expected. The story is well presented, but Hemingway's talk, which on the page used to seem so nearly magical and still is so very good, sounds, on the screen, as cooked up and formal as an eclogue. From there on out the dialogue, though generally skilfull and talented, isn't within miles of Hemingway's quality, but it is made to be seen as well as heard, so, coming out of pictures, it sounds more nearly real. The story, from where Hemingway leaves off, is also a comparative letdown, but it too is better movie-good bars, fierce boxing, nice stuff for several minor players and the kind of calculated violence and atmosphere in the filming of a robbery and of the last two sequences which was commonplace in old gangster films and is now so rare that in a good sense as well as a bad it is almost museum material. There is a good strident journalistic feeling for tension, noise, and sentiment, and jazzed up realism, all well manipulated by Robert Siodmak, which is probably chiefly to the credit of the producer, Mark Hellinger, there is nothing unique or even valuable about the picture, but energy combined with attention to form and detail doesn't turn up every day; neither does good entertainment.1

The latest attempt to date to put Hemingway on the screen resulted in The Macomber Affair- adapted from the long short story The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber and released early in 1947. It was produced by United Artists, directed by Zoltan Korda, and had Gregory Peck, Robert Preston, and Joan Bennett in the

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1. James Agee: Review of The Killers, The Nation, Sept. 14, 1946.

principal roles. Here there was sufficient material to work with in producing a full-length motion picture, and this production will be discussed in detail in the following chapter.

Concerning all the pictures except the two to be discussed there is obviously little point in further investigation. The Spanish Earth is of course a documentary that does not represent the Hemingway techinque in fiction, while the others have been converted into stereotyped Hollywood productions bearing no real relationship to the originals. Only in The Macomber Affair and For Whom the Bell Tolls do we find enough seriousness of purpose to warrant further study. Let us now look at these two productions closely and see what Hollywood can do when it attempts to bring a work of literary merit to the screen.

CHAPTER V

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR

The Macomber Affair was adapted from the short story The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber. Potentially, this was perhaps the best movie material that Hemingway had ever written. There may be some doubt as to whether or not a really good novel can be portrayed effectively on the screen- a good novel will, through an extended series of the words, thoughts, and actions of its characters, reach out to include such a vast array of experiential realizations about life (though perhaps building to one larger one) that it may be impossible to condense it into an hour and a half's running time on the screen and obtain anywhere near the same results as the novel. A very short short story like The Killers, on the other hand, does not give a movie production enough- either in action or in characterization- to work on. But the story from which The Macomber Affair was made appears ideal in every way for movie production: it contains full- and at least in one case developing- characters; there is sufficient material to make a movie of usual length, and yet still possess a

unifying theme to give a sense of dramatic purpose; and this theme is brought out primarily through acid dialogue and exciting action against a back-drop of African hunting terrain. About the only technical difficulty is the problem of how to project a few rather important thoughts of Wilson and Macomber on the screen- but these are few and not at all as important as the action and dialogue.

Let us turn first to the story and see just what it was the author wanted to present in this story. It was noted in Chapter II that this story was one of the four latest, published in book form in 1938 (it had previously been published in Cosmopolitan). It must have been written after the Green Hills of Africa, when Hemingway had begun to realize that he could divorce himself and his art from the main currents of society much longer. Africa- presented in Green Hills of Africa as a rather idyllic place to really live, away from all the nonsense of society, as man was intended to live if he had guts- becomes in this story a means of showing certain evils and inadequacies in American society. It was certainly written before the full flowering of his art in For Whom the Bell Tolls. This would place it, then, in the period of confused change that resulted in To Have and Have Not and The Fifth Column.

At the beginning of the story, we find Francis Macomber, his wife and Wilson, their guide, getting ready for lunch with the typical (even in Africa) refreshments. It is not a happy scene at all, however. There is a rather ominous atmosphere apparent from the first sentence, in which we learn that they were "pretending that nothing had happened." This is increased by the way in which Mrs. Macomber treats her husband-not speaking to him. We gather that they have just returned with a lion, and that the mention of it by Wilson causes some embarrassment on the part of the others. After some conversation in which nothing is stated but in which we feel overtones of embarrassment and even hysteria, Mrs. Macomber leaves for her tent crying. Gradually, through the conversation of Wilson and Macomber, we learn that Macomber has done something very shameful in the killing of the lion that morning. Wilson becomes disgusted at Macomber's inquiry as to whether he will say anything about it when they go back. "He had not expected this. So he's a bloddy four-letter man as well as a bloody coward, he thought. I rather liked him too until today. But how is one to know about an American?"1 But a little later, after Macomber has

1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 106.

admitted that he bolted like a rabbit, and has expressed the hope that maybe he can "fix it up on buffalo," Wilson's opinion of him improves slightly. "Perhaps he had been wrong. This was certainly the way to take it. You most certainly could not tell a damned thing about an American. He was all for Macomber again. If you could forget the morning. But, of course, you couldn't. The morning had been about as bad as they come."1 Then Macomber's wife returns and we have one of the best examples in American literature of delicate feminine cruelty in conversation. For some reason she finds it necessary to continually remind Macomber of his cowardice with the lion.

That afternoon Wilson and Macomber go to hunt impala. They return and eat and retire, intending to go after buffalo, the only dangerous game remaining for them to get, the next morning. And finally, in a flashback taking place in Macomber's mind as he lies in bed, we learn how he had been frightened the first time he had heard the roar of the lion, the night before; how he had nevertheless gone out to hunt him, and had even succeeded in wounding the lion twice; how the lion had got into

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Macomber Affair," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 107.

the bush so that they would have to go in after him; how Macomber had become more and more frightened, but had gone in anyway; and how, when the lion had charged, he, Macomber, had run, holding a loaded rifle, while Wilson had killed the lion. And we learn how Macomber's wife, on the ride back to camp, had not allowed her husband to hold her hand, and had leaned forward and kissed Wilson on the mouth.

During the night after the killing of the lion, Macomber wakes up and finds his wife gone. He lies awake some time, knowing what has happened, waiting for her. She has been unfaithful before, but she had promised that there would be no more of it after coming to Africa. Finally she returns to her bed, and in another triumph of emotionally charged but understated conversation, makes it plain to Macomber that she has been with Wilson, and what is more, will go with anyone she wants to, believing her husband to be too much of a coward to do anything about it.

The next morning they go after buffalo, and while chasing them across the plain in a car, jumping out, and shooting at them, something breaks within Macomber- a strange happiness that borders on elation. And when they find that one of the buffalo has escaped into the bush, just as the lion had, Macomber is actually

anxious to go in after him. Wilson recognizes what has happened- in the excitement of the chase and the shooting, Macomber, one of the great American "boy-men," has grown up. Growing up, to Wilson as well as Hemingway, obviously means reaching the state of mind in which the individual can feel a strange exultation at approaching action by learning to completely disregard consequences. Wilson even quotes Shakespeare to Macomber, to illustrate his philosophy- although he says if they talk about it too much they will talk it all away. This quotation, which is perhaps a very major part of the Hemingway philosophy, is the following: "By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next."

Macomber's wife does not seem to quite understand what has happened, but she senses that her control of her husband has gone. In a brief conversation before Wilson and Macomber go in after the buffalo, we learn that Macomber has become a man in his relation with women as well as with buffalo. They go in after the buffalo and the buffalo charges them. But this time Macomber stays and shoots, shooting into the nose of the buffalo when he is only a few feet away. Macomber's wife also shoots, from the car, and hits Macomber in the

head, killing him. At this point, the story ends abruptly, with Wilson expressing his contempt for the hysterical Mrs. Macomber. Whether she meant to hit her husband or not isn't stated, but it is rather obvious that she did- as she realized that she no longer had control of her husband and that he would probably leave her. Actually, it doesn't seem so important, for the main point of the story has been accomplished- Macomber has grown up. It had appeared that he was doomed to be a coward all his life, taking anything from his wife, and haunted by what he had done at the killing of the lion. But, for a few brief moments, he experienced the exultation that a man feel in action- and those few brief moments were worth more than a life-time of cowardly living, forever fearful of consequences. We see which word is to be accented in the title: The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber.

Let us now compare the movie with the story, attempting to see whether the movie is able to achieve the same realization as the story- recognizing the fact that some changes may have to be made to fit it into the new medium. Changes in a story, when adapting it to the screen, are not only permissable but necessary, and sometimes may even present an improvement on the original work of the author. In order to do this, however, the

changes must help to emphasize the central theme of the author- not change it or attempt to circumvent it. In judging the effectiveness of the changes made in The Macomber Affair, therefore, it is necessary to determine whether these changes help to make one experience the tremendous exultation felt by Francis Macomber when he becomes a man and learns the thrill of action without fear of consequences, and whether the wife of Macomber is presented in such a way as to indicate Hemingway's contempt for the type of cold, sophisticated, predatory woman she represents.

Although this thesis is not concerned with acting performances as such, it is very necessary to consider some puzzling contradictions in the assignment of roles for this picture. The three principal roles are played by Gregory Peck, Robert Preston, and Joan Bennett. Joan Bennett plays the part of Macomber's wife, and is probably as good a choice as could be made, at least as far as appearance and experience are concerned. But comparing the other two with the roles they play produces some strange results.

Francis Macomber is described in the story as follows:

...tall, very well built if you did not mind that length

of bone, dark, his hair cropped like and oarsman, rather thin-lipped and was considered handsome."1

Of the two movie actors, Gregory Peck is tall and thin-lipped and considered handsome. Robert Preston is of middle height, stockier, and wears a mustache- making him very much like the description of Wilson, who is "about middle height" and wears a "stubby mustache." And yet tall and thin Gregory Peck was chosen to play medium-height Wilson, while medium-height-with-mustache Robert Preston plays tall, thin-lipped Francis Macomber. This may all seem very unimportant, but it leads us to some very plausible motives for some of the things that are done to the story in making it into a movie.

Just why were these two men each given roles that seemed to fit the other so perfectly? To understand this we must understand the Hollywood star system. Gregory Peck is a "star" (judged by how many females of questionable mental balance write him "fan mail" each week), while Robert Preston is merely a featured player. Gregory Peck, as the star, must have the most important role.

This in itself should not cause too much alarm for

1.Ernest Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 103.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 109.

the artistic merit of the picture- after all, the physical measurements of the players are not that important. But examining our conclusions again, we find a strange contradiction: Gregory Peck, as the star, must have the most important part, and therefore plays Wilson- although physically he would be more fitted for the role of Francis Macomber. And yet Francis Macomber is the most important character in the story- he is the only developing character (Wilson is pretty much of a prop), and all the meaning of the story must come from what happenes to and within him.

One possible solution to this contradiction is that Hollywood producers, through ignorance, were not able to tell what the story was about, and therefore considered Wilson- as the bravest- to be the most important. Another possible explanation, perhaps the most probable, is that it was realized that Macomber was the main character in the story, but it was considered unwise to put a "star"- an idol of the bobby-sox brigade- in a role that required him to both exhibit cowardice during the film and die at the end of it. So much grief, it must have been assumed, the bobby-soxers could not endure. Therefore, the only solution was to put Peck in the part of Wilson, and change the story enough to make it the principal part, regardless of how it effected the

total meaning. This complicated mass of deduction will help us to understand the reasons for many changes that seem to lessen the effect of the story.

The first noticeable difference between the picture and the story is in the sequence in which the events are presented. This may seem unimportant, but actually it is rather important in bringing about a change in emphasis which is continued throughout the picture. The story, it was noted, opened at lunch time after the killing of the lion, and through thought and dialogue we are made to realize that Macomber has shown himself publicly to be a coward. A flashback occurs when Macomber goes to bed that night, and it is not until this flashback that we find out what actually happened at the killing of the lion. The story then comes back to the present and continues the rest of the way in chronological sequence. The movie, however, begins with a scene in which Wilson and Mrs. Macomber are landing at the Nairobi air field, bringing a corpse with them. From the action we gather that something strange, perhaps bordering on the criminal, has taken place. Wilson is given some forms to fill out concerning a death. Where the form says "cause of death" he fills in "accident"; then tears it up and throws it away. As he sits there, trying to decide what to put down,

we see the whole story as a flashback. After the death of Macomber, we come back to the scene with which the flashback started, and proceed in normal fashion, through an added scene to the end of the picture.

Why Hemingway used his sequence seems rather obvious. The real experience contained in the story is the experience of feeling a man who has proved himself a coward acquire the characteristics of a man. Therefore, Hemingway introduces us to his character just after his cowardice, when the effects of it are strongest on everyone and the reader may feel the complete hopelessness with which this man, who had been good at all "court games" before, must now face life. We see Macomber as a coward allthrough the story, knowing he will fail with the lion before we see him attempt the killingof it in the flashback. When the change takes place, then, we can feel the pure exultation much more powerfully, having lived the whole story- through Macomber- in cowardice. By dropping this sequence the movie loses this effect; we really have no indication Macomber will be a coward until the picture is fairly well under way. The opening scene of the story, in which we learn gradually of the hopeless moral position of Macomber, although reproduced rather faithfully, is now in the middle of the picture and is much less effective.

Why the movie uses this sequence also seems rather clear. The artictic defects of the movie's order, noted above, were evidently out-weighed by the fact that by opening the picture after Macomber has been killed the movie accomplishes four things: first, it plays down the role of Francis Macomber- something to be desired by the producers for reason previously stated; secondly, it gives to the production, right from the beginning, a sort of cheap, suspenseful "whodunit" atmosphere; thirdly, it makes possible a new ending, as the movie begins with a scene that takes place after the entire action of the original story has been completed; and finally, it provides a sort of local anaesthetic to weaken the feeling of tragedy. If a character is presented in the first scene as a corpse, people should not be too shocked at seeing him killed later in the picture. Motion picture producers are very considerate in "adapting" their works to the "low intelligence" of their audience- they seem to take it for granted that the people who see their movies desire only a happy ending and might be shocked if made to feel real, one-hundred-per-cent-strength tragedy. Thus the necessity for using some device to weaken the shock. (The fact that the author himself has tried to employ all possible devices to <u>obtain</u> the full shock of tragedy, in order

to make his story effective, is of course irrelevant. It's like a comic scene of two children playing with blocks- one industrious little fellow, trying to build a house, places a block in position and goes to get another one. While he is gone the second child obligingly picks up the first block and throws it out the window. The process is repeated again and again- the second child hurling each new block through the window with a modest smile- fully satisfied that he is performing a useful and essential process in the producing of the finished work.)

Generalizing on the above four reasons, it appears that the movie producers, in changing the order in which the actions take place, have tried to inject certain things that are considered good box-office, and in so doing have weakened the artistic structure of the story tremendously, and prepared the way for further weakenings.

At the start of the movie flashback, we find several scenes added. They seem to do little harm- or little good. They are introductory in nature, introducing the audience to the characters and showing that they are going on a hunting trip in Africa. In these scenes we find the boyishness of Francis Macomber accented, and contrasted with the manliness of Wilson, for obvious afore-mentioned reasons; but this is not necessarily in

contradiction to the story. We find Macomber's wife somewhat interested in Wilson from the first, while in the story she does not really show any interest in him until her husband's cowardice. This of course weakens the picture, as it makes Mrs. Macomber's betrayal of her husband seem less a result of his cowardice.

There is a scene in which they go to buy guns, and then some scenes of them riding across the plains point-at various herds of strange animals that run past the car, or that the car runs past, depending on their relative speeds- evidently to satisfy that part of the public that likes travelogues and feels that pictures "about" Africa should be "informational." But on the whole, these scenes do not do much harm, except to delay the time that we find out that Francis Macomber is a coward, with the bad effects noted above. And these scenes do take away the abrupt beginning of the story-perhaps on the screen more introduction is necessary. One of the scenes, in which Macomber is treated as a sort of errand-boy by his wife, does actually help to show the true relation that exists between them.

During one of these scenes a new minor character is introduced. She is one of those supposedly tough yet Junior-League looking bar-room sluts, common to all African movies. But she appears only briefly and does

help to give an idea of Wilson's promiscuous attitude toward women.

The introducing and stalling over, the first real scene from the story that we see is the build-up for the killing of the lion. The fear that Francis Macomber feels when he first hears its roaring is well out across on the screen, and the fear and suspense as he lies in bed dreading the fact that he has to kill it is also well conveyed- Hollywood always seems to out-do any author when it comes to the mere playing up of suspense.

The conversation before the killing is well and faithfully rendered, and the lack of understanding of Macomber's wife about what it feels like to have to kill a lion is brought out as well as in the story. The wounding of the lion takes place as it should, and then the build-up of Macomber's fear and the partial realization of it on the part of Wilson is well presented.

At the actual killing of the lion and the displaying of Macomber's cowardice, there are a few minor changes made. In the story Macomber keeps his gun and runs, turning back and seeing Wilson kill the lion. One gets the impression that he could not have run very far. The loaded gun in his hand is used by Hemingway to increase the feeling of contempt the other men feel for Macomber.

In the movie, Macomber throws his gun wildly away

and starts running. He seems to run for an interminably long time, while the shooting is going on. We also find that not only Wilson but the gun-bearers as well are firing (evidently on the grounds that the more noise that can be generated on the sound track, the more exciting and suspenseful will be the scene). All of these changes are perhaps minor, and the main effect of cowardice is got across about as Hemingway must have wanted it. There is even one slight touch that is added that is very effective- while Macomber is standing by the river, looking back, after the lion has been killed, Wilson raises his arm and waves him back, assuring him that it's all right now. And in this one motion of the arm there is synthesized all the contempt, disgust, and even humorous condescension that Wilson and the gun-bearers now feel for Macomber.

It must be admitted that in this killing of the lion the movie producers had a difficult technical problem to overcome. Hemingway, with his usual skill in describing violent action, gets a very real sense of immediacy into the scene. He does this through his continuous use of the present participle and his jamming all possible action into one sentence:

> Kongoni, the old gun-bearer, in the lead watching the blood spoor, Wilson watching the grass

> for any movement, his big gun ready, the second gun-bearer looking ahead and listening, Macomber close to Wilson, his rifle cocked, they had just moved into the grass when Macomber heard the blood-choked coughing grunt, and saw the seishing rush in the grass. The next thing he knew he was running; running wildly, in panic in the open, running toward the stream.
>
> He heard the car-ra-wong! of Wilson's big rifle, and again in a second crashing carawong! and turning saw the lion, horrible-looking now, with half his head seeming to be gone, crawling toward Wilson in the edge of the tall grass while the red-faced man worked the bolt on the short ugly rifle and aimed carefully as another blasting carawong! came from the muzzle, and the crawling, heavy, yellow bulk of the lion stiffened and the huge, mutilated head slid forward and Macomber, standing by himself in the clearing where he had run, holding a loaded rifle, while two black men and a white man looked at him in contempt, knew the lion was dead.1

The movie must put all this into a quick scene, requiring perfect timing, and one of the actors must be a lion. The movie tries to do this by taking quick shots from different angles, and then fitting them together. Thus, we have a shot of the lion charging, a shot of Macomber running, a shot of Wilson and the gun-bearers shooting, another glimpse of the lion charging, and so forth. There are at least two important faults with the final movie scene. First, it appears to be drawn out; one feels that a lion would have had time to have run

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 119.

half a mile in the time that it takes him to go a few yards. Perhaps this is inevitable, if nothing is to be eliminated from the scene. The second fault, and one that might have been corrected, is that, as in the bull-fight the real emotion comes from the proximity of the horns to the man, so here it should come from seeing the lion actually approaching the men. And yet we never really see the charging lion and the shooting men in the same shot. Certainly, this would have been difficult to do; but with all the devices of trick photography Hollywood had developed, it certainly is not an impossibility. Hollywood here took the easiest solution, and, as usual, it was not the best artistic choice.

The scene, then, although it does not exactly violate the story, does not come off quite as well as one could hope for. And yet, even in this scene, we see the superiority of actual sound and sight over mere words. There is one shot of the lion, charging straight into the camers, which more than any words could ever do makes the audience feel what Macomber felt when he saw the charging lion.

The scenes following the killing of the lion are almost identical with the story and are well handled. The embarrassment of them all in Macomber's presence is brought out; Macomber takes his wife's hand and, in a

very telling shot, she merely removes hers, and then leans forward and kisses Wilson. The only fault to be found here is a mild tendency to over-act on the part of Miss Bennett.

They return to camp, and we see the scene with which the story opens, with the defects acquired by placing it in the middle of the picture already noted. Yet, in all the scenes involving emotion-charged conversation, the movie is remarkably effective. Good acting and good timing help to make this possible. The little barbed banderillas are subtly and tellingly placed by Miss Bennett exactly as the story requires:

> "That's eland he's offering you,"Wilson said.
> "They're the big cowy things that jump like hares, aren't they?"
> "I suppose that describes them," Wilson said.
> "It's very good meat," Macomber said.
> "Did you shoot them, Francis?" she asked.
> "Yes."
> "They're not dangerous, are they?"
> "Only if they fall on you," Wilson told her.
> "I'm so glad."1

The next two lines of conversation illustrate very well how the movie tried to follow the story in word-for-word fashion whenever it was considered possible, and

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1. Ernest Hemingway: "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories, p. 108.

yet censorship required it to eliminate one word that left the other words without meaning. Macomber says, in the story, "Why not let up on the bitchery just a little, Margot," and she answers with "I suppose I could, since you put it so prettily." Her answer is obviously a reference to Macomber's use of the word "bitchery." Of course the word "bitchery" would corrupt too many adolescents if used in the movie, so he says instead, "Why not let up on the wit just a little, Margot," which should of course require the elimination of the line about "putting it so prettily," as there is no longer any point to it. And yet Miss Bennett must still come in with the line so firmly and forcibly that it reminds one of a batter who swings wildly at the ball, only to discover with some bewilderment that the pitcher only faked throwing it. This trait of try-to include all the words of the author possible- whether or not there is any point to them after the Legion of Decency has been satisfied, is characteristic of what often times appears to be mere Hollywood stupidity.

Up to this time in the movie we have seen examples of lack of artistic insight, and perhaps stupidity, but as yet nothing that could be classified as wilful distortion. A scene has been added in which Macomber tries to take his feelings of lost self-respect and

anger out on a native boy. He gets in a fight with two of the natives, and is saved from death only by the timely and supermanly action of Wilson. This interpretation of Macomber as a coward who takes out his feelings on subordinates just does not fit with the story at all. Macomber is shown up as a coward, but it is not maliciousness that is the cause of it. It is merely weakness. He is no bully. In fact, he is presented as a rather decent sort of fellow who lets his wife bully him. Just why this scene was added is, unfortunately, all too clear. First, it gives Wilson (star Gregory Peck) an opportunity to display manliness (or supermanliness) before the camera. But there is an even more important reason for the inclusion of this scene. It gives to Macomber a character trait that can be exploited later in the movie, as will be shown, to shift the whole emphasis of the story in the direction that the producers feel that it is necessary for them to shift it.

In the story, it is merely mentioned that they go to hunt impala that afternoon. The movie, however, has expanded this into a scene of considerable length. And here it appears that the scene has a definite use in the picture. During the scene, there is some conversation between Wilson and Macomber, and his conversation

is cleverly used to get across some of the things that take place only in the minds of the characters in the story. In this scene Wilson's "catch- as-catch-can" attitude toward women is clarified, and in a manner well in keeping with the story. We may be grateful that here there is no attempt to give to Wilson any conventional romantic attitudes. This scene, it appears, is a good example of how an added scene can be of great help in clarifying and furthering the intention of the author.

It is fortunate that in this story Hemingway chose to be subtle. Although Macomber's wife goes in the night to Wilson, there is no description of what takes place. There does not need to be any. The story is interested in Macomber and his reactions, and so it is all told from his point of view. This makes it possible for the movie to follow the story and still evade the Legion of Decency. He wakes up, finds his wife gone, and waits until she comes back. On her return they engage in that brief and brutal conversation that tells Macomber that his wife knows he will take anything now, and that she intends to make the best of it. And we can also be grateful that the producers realized that a tender kissing scene between Wilson and Macomber's wife would not only be inadequate, but would be over-adequate

in many ways. Wilson has no love for her in fact his feeling for her is closer to contempt. She is merely a commodity and when he is hunting with people of the fast set, "their morals are his morals." By not trying to evade the author's point here the movie has produced an effect both subtle, dramatic, and appropriate.

The breakfast scene, the next morning, is another one of those scenes in which the underlying tension is brought out through conversation- conversation in which no one ever mentions what they are really talking about. All three of them know what has taken place, and they all know that they each know it- yet they cannot mention it. Macomber must try to convey his feelings by talking about the "filthy food." This scene, with the help of all three players, is thoroughly as good as the story requires. The only thing added is Macomber's wanting to keep his gun near him at breakfast and refusing to give it up- rather childish touch.

And now, with the hunt for buffalo, we come to the scenes that will definitely tell whether or not the movie comes anywhere near accomplishing what the story does. The chase in the car, the leaping from the car, the shooting, the second chase, loading rifles and spilling shells as they go, and the final shooting of the buffalo are all rather accurately portrayed.

Of course, in the story, the important thing is what is going on inside Macomber as he losses his fear in the thrill of action. This is difficult to bring out on the screen, and little attempt is made to do so. The change in Macomber is left to be shown in the scenes that follow. It seems that the producers might well have concentrated their remarkable talent for overcoming technical difficulties on this problem. Perhaps through the use of a series of shots playing up the feel and increasing tempo of excitement, coupled with shots showing expressions on Macomber's face, this could have been accomplished. But at any rate, the movie gives us the action about as it was in the story.

The effect desired by the author is well brought out in most of the conversational scenes that intervene between the chase of the three buffalo and the going in after the one that, like the lion, had been wounded and got into the bush. We find that a wonderful change has taken place in Macomber. His wife sees it too, and tries to belittle it, for she really begins to realize that something that she cannot understand has taken place, and she has lost her hold on her husband. This is brought out by some excellent acting on the part of Robert Preston, who makes you feel the wonderful happiness that he now feels. And then, just when it looks as

if the picture really is going to stick to the intention of the author, something incongruous slips in. Macomber adopts something of the bullying attitude we noticed in the added scene in which he hit the native boy. And his wife is given a line, " So this is the sinister side of Francis Macomber?" There is nothing sinister about him in the story; he becomes more the opposite- frank, open and exultant. Something is certainly taking place that the author never intended.

Macomber and Wilson start to go in after the buffalo: Macomber excited and anxious to get started this time. But before they go in to where the buffalo is waiting in the bush they stop and a short conversation, not in the story, is added. In this conversation Macomber says that he has now cleared almost everything away, and wants to go in with a clean slate. He then asks Wilson,"Are you in love with my wife?"

"Yes," Wilson answers.

This is probably the most absurd speech ever uttered on any screen, and that covers a lot of ground. Wilson, in the story, feels only a vague contempt for Macomber's wife, in spite of a certain physical attraction she possesses. And when she kills her husband he allows the contempt to boil over the surface. The night he spent with her had nothing to do with "being

in love with" anyone; it is made very clear that such experiences are common and meaningless to him.

And it is not merely that the story is violated here. Even on the screen, enough of the original story has been kept to make this answer appear completely unmotivated and silly. Had not the added scene of the impala hunt made clear Wilson's philosophy toward women, particularly women such as this one? And had not his whole attitude toward her, throughout all the picture thus far, been one of distant contempt? Gregory Peck, playing Wilson, seems to realize the absurdity of the answer himself, as he says it in a sort of I-don't-really-believe-this-but-I-have-to-say-it way.

At this point, after the many fine scenes playing up the author's purpose in dramatic fashion, one does not know quite what to expect. Macomber says he "only wants an even break," and they go in after the buffalo. The killing of the buffalo might be criticized in the same manner that the killing of the lion was. Although everyone goes through the proper motions, the most important emotional effect does not seem to be achieved at all. It is true that this is a very difficult scene to film. Like the lion scene, many things are happening at the same time to many people, as well as to the buffalo. It is much more difficult than the lion

scene, however, because here we have an added element to take note of during the brief span of time covered by the charge of the buffalo- for it must be made clear to an audience that does not suspect what is going to happen that Macomber's wife also fires, and hits her husband in the head, just as the buffalo almost reaches him. The movie has succeeded fairly well in making clear what happened, but in concentrating on clarity, it has missed completely the most moving and meaningful shot in the whole picture- the shot toward which the entire story builds: that final triumphant, exultant moment when, although Wilson and the others jump aside, Macomber stands firm and shoots straight into the nose of the charging buffalo, little more than two feet away. We never see this climactic moment in the picture, so busy is the camera trying to show what the various people are doing and how it happens that Macomber is killed without the buffalo ever reaching him. Whether the failure to make the most of this dramatic moment was caused by inability to conceive of a way to take care of the technical difficulties, or by the intention of keeping the role of Macomber from eclipsing that of the one they had selected for their "star," it is difficult to say. At any rate, it may be classified as a major failure of the film.

With Mrs. Macomber in hysterics, the flashback ends and the scene shifts back to Wilson making out the form. Then he goes to see Macomber's wife, who is being held until a verdict of murder or accident is reached, and tries to make her tell whether or not she killed her husband on purpose. The story implies she did, but we find the movie straddling the fence enough to give some hope for future happiness. She finally admits that she might have killed him on purpose- but it wasn't really on purpose. She had raised the gun to shoot at the buffalo, and while she had the gun ready to shoot, the sight of her husband in the sights might have tempted her to shoot- she doesn't really know. The ending is turned into a sort of psychological quiz- could she have killed him intentionally without its being intentional?

The film ends with Mrs. Macomber deciding to tell the jury all, and let them solve the psychological problem for themselves. We gather that Wilson, by now hopelessly separated from the Wilson of the story, approves of this and will marry her if she is acquitted. This ending not only results in the distortion of the characters of Wilson and Macomber's wife as expressed in the story- it practically does an about face and presents the characters at the end as the exact opposites of what

they have been throughout the film.

But this is not the worst. Although the story was saying something unpleasant about a certain type of American woman, it was most of all showing a man reaching manhood in a thoroughly glorious manner. If Macomber could remain anything at all as Hemingway had presented him, the movie could have certainly accomplished a great deal. But subordinating the character of Macomber to the "stars" is not enough for Hollywood- it must even erase any powerful impression he may have made accidentally, so that the heroine may be thought of as a"good girl" and worthy of the male star.

Therefore, Macomber's wife, in the final conversation, states that she had tried hard to make a go of their marraige (which is also stated in the story), but that her husband had always been a coward and a bully (definitely <u>not</u> stated in the story). She states that he had always taken his feelings of cowardice out on someone who could not fight back- servants, waiters, etc. We now see just why the scene of the fight with the native boy was added. He had often told her he would be different, and for a time would be, but always his cowardice and bullying nature would eventually catch up with him. And finally she sends toppling any remnants of meaning the story may have had left with the

statement: "He always said all he wanted was an even break."

This, it will be remembered, was just what Macomber had said before going in to get the last buffalo. Evidently, then, this great expression of physical courage before the buffalo meant nothing- this was just another one of his temporary reforms, as evidenced by the words, "I only want an even break." The whole story has been spent in telling us that something important and wonderful takes place in this man, and the end of the film tells us that nothing really took place at all.

In final criticism, we may say that this film, through most of it, shows how Hemingway dialogue and (to a lesser degree) Hemingway action may be projected on the screen so that the underlying emotions are brought out clearly and dramatically- and them in a few added scenes and a new ending, it goes on to negate all of the Hemingway meaning. Hollywood has learned the advantage of following the letter of Hemingway. It continues to remain ignorant of- or chooses to agnore- the spirit of Hemingway.

CHAPTER VI

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Adequate criticism of a movie made from such a novel as For Whom the Bell Tolls is very difficult because the book tries to accomplish so much. We have already discussed some of the sweeping, epic things it does accomplish. No movie, obviously, could start with the first line and give us the complete novel. This would be impossible first because a novel and a motion picture are presented in different mediums, each relying on different- though sometimes over-lapping- devices for their effects. And secondly, there is the matter of time. A motion picture is usually made to last about an hour and a half. This one lasts two hours and a half- almost double the usual time- and yet perhaps more has been left out than has been used. Therefore, when a novel is filmed, we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that a great deal necessarily must be omitted. The important part of criticism in such cases is to determine whether or not the selection of what is used- and the manner in which it is used- leads to the same general experienced realizations on the part of the

movie audience as the author tries to produce in his reader.

Because so much is being accomplished in the novel, it has been found advisable to evaluate the movie on three different levels: (1) the external, superficial structure of plot and action; (2) the nature of the characters as revealed through the movie; and (3) the below-the-surface "meaning" or philosophy, of which the novel is meant to be an expression. Of course, such a differentiation is entirely artificial: the plot and action are made by and help to make the characters, and the "meaning" is only brought about through the action and characters.

Paramount's screen writer Dudley Nichols has done, for the most part, an excellent piece of work in translating the external action of the novel to the screen. Almost all the major incidents are there, and even most of the minor ones. It is true that some of the flash-backs are not presented- Robert Jordan's reminiscences of Gaylord's in Madrid and Pilar's stories about her former bull-fighter lovers- and most of the incidents that are given have been subjected to major or minor changes. But the screen version has managed to include a tremendous amount of material, in one way or another.

The novel begins with Robert Jordan lying flat on

the floor of a pine forest, close to the bridge that he has been orderd to blow. The movie, however, begins with the colorful and dramatic blowing of a train by Robert Jordan and Kashkin. At first this appears to have been added- and then it is made clear that this scene was actually briefly mentioned in the book. It was the train at which Kashkin was wounded and then asked Robert Jordan to kill him. Just why Hollywood chose this scene as the introductory one is quite clear, when considered in the light of Hollywood dramatic psychology. In a movie, flashbacks, particularly if over-used, appear contrived and artificial, and producers often stay clear of them. It is therefore necessary, if excessive flashbacks are to be avoided, to begin the story before Robert Jordan receives his assignment- in order that the full significance of it may be understood by the audience, and also to get the character of General Golz into the story. In order to tell the story chronologically, then, it is necessary to go back at least as far as the Golz-Jordan conversation in which Jordan (and the audience) are oriented concerning the bridge.

But why go way back to some scarcely mentioned scene, having no real bearing on the meaning of the novel. This is where the Hollywood psychology comes in; it is necessary to start the picture with a "bang"- a conversa-

tion is no "bang"- so why not start it with the blowing up of a train? This should provide enough "bang" for the staunchest ear-drums, and have the added advantage of getting in one of the minor incidents, thereby making the picture even more "faithful." This scene does not seem to do any real damage to the story, and it does accomplish what Hollywood wants, so perhaps no fault should be found with it.

After this introductory scene we see Robert Jordan going to see Golz, and the air raid that is added helps in creating dramatic effect in the presentation of the assignment. This brief scene is all that we have of what is evidently "Gaylord's," and it is unfortunate that the movie did not see fit to present something of what it stood for to Jordan- the sporting, cynical, Russian atmosphere.

After these preliminaries, we are thrust into the story with the first scene of the book: Jordan and Anselmo looking down from the forest. Here the action moves rather faithfully through the action of the first day and night. There are of course many minor changes and much dialogue is cut. For instance, Anselmo and Jordan see the bridge the first time, and do not have to go back afterwards. But changes like this are certainly permissable in order to shorten and intensify action.

The scenes of the first meal outside the cave and Robert Jordan's meeting with Maria are admirably handled.

One of the minor actions that is included is the offering of the cigarettes by Robert Jordan. And this slight scene is illustrative of the careless lack of understanding that Hollywood too often gives to small points. The point of the cigarettes is to show us something about the Spanish people, through differentiating the character of Pablo on the one hand and Anselmo and Raphael, the gypsy, on the other. Pablo, when offered the cigarettes, digs in and takes half the pack, and this is well done in the movie- even getting a laugh without deviating from the serious attitude with which it is presented. Then the cigarettes are offered to Raphael and Anselmo, and the book makes a point of how they take only one, and have to be urged to take another. In the picture, a laugh is obtained by having the gypsy take one quickly, accompanied by a sharp note of background music, and immediately reach for another questioningly. It does get a laugh, but misses the point about Anselmo and Raphael that Hemingway is trying to make.

The scene of the first night in the cave is an example of how good Hollywood can be when dealing

merely with psychological suspense. A motion picture, particularly when backed up by appropriate music, can make a direct appeal to the senses that words can never accomplish. Robert Jordan enters the cave amid a strange hush. Then, with an ominous chord of music for each one, we see the different faces, one at a time, each expressing suspicion, distrust, and dislike for the foreigner. The scene follows the Hemingway pattern, with much of the Hemingway dialogue. Suspense is kept at a high pitch throughout, particularly during the verbal duel between Pablo and Pilar about who is now the leader.

When we come to the sleeping bag scene, we find Hollywood at its most circumventive. Fearing the wrath of those who have read the book on the one hand, and the wrath of the Legion of Decency on the other, it tries to show both that Maria slept with Robert Jordan and that she did not. She comes out to see him, but with the reason of telling him to beware Pablo when he begins to act friendly. This warning was in the book, but merely took place in Robert Jordan's mind; so with customary cleverness, the movie uses it as a device to get Maria where they want her, without implying the real reason she is there. She is thrust rather abruptly into the sleeping bag when someone else approaches, but there is nothing else to lead us to think she spent the

night there- Robert Jordan goes off with the gypsy to see if Pablo is attempting to get away with the horses. The next time we see the sleeping bag, morning has come and it is occupied solely by Jordan.

The action of the following day follows very closely that in the book. The visit to El Sordo is shown in such a way that we get a feeling of the character of this deaf, brave lover of the Republic, and the scenes in which Joaquin appears are among the best in the picture. Returning from this visit Pilar displays part of the complex emotional attitude that she does in the novel, and her lines about her own ugliness are particularly effective.

The love scene between Maria and Robert Jordan is of course not the scene in the book. Throughout the whole picture there has been a juggling with the lines in the love scenes, so that many of the lines that belong in the first scene are spoken in later ones. Hollywood would never refuse to present a love story, but there are certain Hollywood romantic conventions that must be met. In the first place, the hero and the heroine cannot reach the love-making stage in the first day- that is improper by even Hollywood standards. Thus the movie doesn't make clear the lovers' realization of the shortness of time available to them in the same way that the

novel does. And secondly, the movie must save its "warmest" love scenes as a climax, to use near the end of the picture.

It is in this scene in the afternoon that we first have any love-making involved in the picture, and lines such as "Where do the noses go?" (which belong in the scene of the night before) are used here. But with all the juggling, it must be admitted that the final effect is a moving one- if not moving in the exactly the same way as in the book. The remarkably sincere acting of Ingrid Bergman gives to the scene a tender quality that makes it one of the best ever filmed. After this scene Robert and Maria catch up with Pilar, but the conversation in which Pilar exerts a strange, benevolent sort of power over Maria to "tell her something of her own volition" is completely cut out. Evidently this complex emotional situation, in which Pilar is trying to identify herself with the young Maria, was felt to be too far beyond the "average intelligence" to be understood by the audiences it was intended to play to.

Finally, we come to a scene that can be well rendered on the screen- the dramatic scene of the second night in the cave. The "provoking" of Pablo and his keeping himself from reacting to it is accomplished with great suspense and dramatic effect. As a whole, the dialogue

used is the same or similar to that of Hemingway in the novel. The acting of Akim Tamiroff, as Pablo, is throughout the entire picture notable for its accuracy and true-to-life quality- and it is particularly effective in this "provoking" scene in the cave. There is one close-up shot of his face when he is first called a coward- a smile quickly erasing itself, leaving a look as full of ominous danger as a keg of dynamite, and then slowly turning back to a smile again- that shows excellently how effective the motion-picture medium can be in creating emotion when properly used. The remarks that the drunken Pablo considers very funny- about Robert Jordan being a false professor because he has no beard- are so well delivered and well timed that they result in a scene that is tremendously humorous, while at the same time it tells us more about the character of the man making them.

Pilar's account of the killing of the fascists on the first day of the revolution in her village is told very effectively in a strange sort of flashback. This scene is shown, from the blowing of the wall to the death of the third fascist, but although the lips of the various characters move, it is the voice of Pilar that comes out of them. She imitates the voice of all the characters, as she would when telling the story.

One does not hear the sound effects of shooting or shouting, although it is some time before one realizes this. A soft stroke on the kettle drum takes the place of the dynamite blasts and the shots fired at the guardia civile. The effect of all this is to give the scene the unreal and distant atmosphere that a story that is being told would really have. And yet, after this fine bit of artistic craftsmanship, the movie fails to go on and finish the scene- it ends abruptly after the third man goes to his death over the cliff. Evidently the movie producers could not bring themselves to risk the wrath of the Catholic church and show the priest as he was described in the book.

Another fine technical touch is given the picture with the discovery that it is snowing. The novel brings out very well the realization that snow may mean total failure for the blowing of the bridge, and certainly the death of El Sordo and his band, who are stealing horses- and perhaps death for them all. This realization of the tragedy that would probably occur if it should snow is also brought out in the picture, by the conversation at El Sordo's. The announcement of the fact that it actually is snowing, on this May night, is therefore a very dramatic one, and is treated as such in the picture. First one hears someone cry "Inglis!" in a very startled

and compelling tone. Pilar and Robert Jordan rush from the cave, and the next scene we see is their black silhouettes against a dark blue sky, the silhouette of a dead tree branch in front of them, and little white flecks drifting earthward over it all. One cannot say that there is no artistic ability in Hollywood.

The love scene of the second night does not take place, even in substitute. One cannot say that Hollywood ever offended anyone's morals, unless in such a way that it would make for more profit at the box-office.

The next day begins, as in the novel, with the shooting of the cavalryman. Maria is shown coming from the cave before the shooting, so no matter of morals is involved in her being with Robert Jordan when he does shoot the fascist. The exciting action that takes place after the shooting is very effective on the screen: the preparing the gun for shooting, the concealing of it, the warning of the approaching enemy, the near-discovery by the four scouts, the passing of the whole troop of cavalry, and their picking up the trail of El Sordo.

The scene of El Sordo on the hill-top is one of the most successful, in pure emotive power, in the movie, although critics have complained that it was not tied in well enough with the main story. It is the sort of

thing that Hollywood can do so well, after so many horse-operas. And yet much is left out that would give meaning to the whole thing- things like Joaquin's communist slogans.

At any rate, as far as the action is concerned, the book is followed to the letter. The first attack and its repulse, the tricking of the captain into coming to the hill-top to be killed, the final blowing up of the men by the planes- it is all as one imagines it should be. Some excellent acting makes one feel a strangely exultant feeling at seeing these men, condemned to die in a few minutes, laughing without restraint at the tremendously funny joke they have just pulled off- after El Sordo kills the over-heroic fascist captain. Then, one by one, we see the laughs leave the faces, as they hear the sound of the planes coming after them.

The actions of the last night are a little confused, but follow the general plan of the book. Pablo steals the exploder before the others return to the cave, rather than in the middle of the night, and burns it in the cave, rather than throwing it into the gorge. Why, one cannot be sure, Andres is dispatched with the message to General Golz, and they bed down. This time Maria brings Robert Jordan's sleeping roll to him, and does not return to the cave.

As in the book, there follow two series of scenes going on simultaneously: Robert Jordan and Maria making a sort of long-distance verbal love, and Andres trying to get the message through to General Golz. There are many things cut, of course, and the result seems a little incongruous. A few soft-spoken words followed by racing motorcycle doesn't seem to give to the soft-spoken words the dignity which they really deserve. Some critics complain that this arrangement of scenes is too confusing and melodramatic even in the novel. With many of the scenes shortened, the false effect of melodrama is unfortunately heightened. And yet even here, through some excellent acting by Ingrid Bergman, there are some very moving scenes (it is here that she tells Jordan for the first time what was really done to her by the fascists). The nearest we have to an indication that the sleeping-robe situation is anything like that of the novel is a scene in which only Maria is visible, and a hand comes out and strokes her hair, starts to draw back, and then is stopped by her own hand- reaching up and placing it back on her head. If some of these scenes could have been considered by themselves, without the racing motorcycle, they would have been very moving- and even with it do not fail by far.

When it gets to the preparation for the attack on the bridge, Hollywood is again on its own terrain. The preparation procedes in a manner both faithful to the book and full of suspense- Hollywood's most easily achieved artistic product. The camera makes the most of some excellent scenery, as the groups are shown getting into position for the attack. Slowly the scene lightens. The sentry in the guard house blows out the lamp, as we see Pablo's face outside the window. Faces turn to look down the gorge at the point where they will first see the sun rise- the time set for the Republican army to attack.

Andres, meanwhile, has finally reached Colonel Duval, who relays the message to General Golz- just as the planes are going over his head. General Golz has just time to say "Too bad" twice before the camera changes back to the bridge. All that this attack means to General Golz is not shown in any other way. The scene in which Comrade Marty and Karkov appear has been cut completely; their names are not even in the cast.

Back at the bridge, the distant rumbling of the dropping bombs starts the climactic scene into action. There are a few changes, mostly to shorten certain parts, or to prolong suspense. The only big change is in Pablo's holding off a column of tanks, and the gypsy's blowing

up of two of them. The scene is filled with suspense throughout- the only fault being that the timing is off. The tank column is introduced so soon that it seems impossible that it does not reach the bridge before it is blown. It has long been an accepted idea in Hollywood that if a picture with a hundred elephants was good, a picture with two hundred elephants is of necessity twice as good. So where Hemingway has used his tanks sparingly and realistically, the picture seems to be running over with tanks. If the realism is decreased somewhat, the action is kept at such a high pitch of excitement that perhaps it is excusable. There is a brief and beautiful scene of Maria going quietly mad while holding the horses and promising God everything if He will keep Roberto alive. And then they are mounted and ready for the dash across the open stretch with the tank firing at them. Suspense is kept at a fever pitch, and climaxed by the shell hitting Robert Jordan's horse- causing the rider a broken leg.

The scene that follows, the farewell scene between Maria and Roberto, is- as the cheap commercial ads might put it- "worth the price of admission alone." This is due equally to the innate quality of the scene as written by Hemingway, a skillful adaptation that has not only preserved it but improved it, and the exquisitely

sensitive acting of Miss Bergman, more than ably supported this time by Gary Cooper. The slight rearrangement probably makes it more effective on the screen than the unadulterated original would have been. There is a dramatic little part added in which Roberto at first tells Maria to get some canvas to bind up his leg so he will be able to ride. This, of course, is just to get her out of the way for a moment. Then, when she returns with the canvas, we see her face as she slowly realizes the full tragedy of what has happened. Her shocked, whimpering, half-uttered, pathetic plea that she will stay with him is "acting" on its highest plane- acting that requires a deep psychological understanding of the character portrayed on the part of the actress.

From this high point the picture preceeds rapidly to its conclusion. Robert Jordan convinces Maria momentarily that she must leave him- that the only way he can go is through her. Then he is left with the machine gun. The six pages of Robert Jordan's thoughts are condensed into about three lines. And then again we see how a motion picture can get effects never to be achieved in a novel. As the cavalry approaches him, we see him behind the machine gun, suffering from the pain in his leg, slowly swing the machine-gun muzzle until it points directly at each person in the audience.

The gun fires, spitting flame and smoke, the smoke rising and slowly covering the screen- and then the bark of the machine gun fades before the loud, vibrant tolling of a bell, and the smoke slowly dissolves into a large bell swinging against a blue sky.

We see, then, that for the most part the superficial action of the story was rather carefully followed. Certain scenes had to be cut to please the censor, other scenes had to be cut for the sake of brevity, and other scenes and parts of scenes were cut for less excusable reasons, as will be seen when we come to discuss the meaning. Considering the magnitude of the undertaking in trying to put this novel on the screen, we must admit that a rather commendable job was done with the external action. Let us now turn to a study of the vast array of characters that make this such a great novel, and attempt to determine whether the motion picture has done justice to them all.

Robert Jordan, played in the motion picture by Gary Cooper, never approaches the Robert Jordan of the novel. This is partly due to the lack of feeling given to the role by Mr. Cooper, but by no means entirely so. It would take more than facial expressions to give an indication of just what was going on inside him during these three days- though they might help to give the

impression that something was going on. In order to approach the novel in power and meaning, the motion picture would have had to devise some way to get the thoughts of Robert Jordan across to the audience- and this there is no attempt to do, except for the two of three lines at the end. All of the doubts he entertains about the worthiness of his own cause are lost- all the wondering if killing is really permissable (the telling scene in which he reads the letters of the cavalryman he has just killed is eliminated completely). And his realization of the increasing hopelessness of his situation, as the bad luck piles up, that makes his going on with the bridge such a truly heroic endeavor, is never touched upon in the picture.

There is even some tampering with his character as exhibited in certain external actions. When he shoots the cavalryman, it is not quickly, before he is seen, as any soldier would do under the circumstances. The movie must have him lose sight of the cavalryman momentarily. so that the cavalryman may get behind him, notice him, reach for his automatic rifle, and then be shot just as he is trying to shoot Jordan. The reason for this change shows Hollywood's adolescent attitude toward men at war. There is an old code, held over from cheap

cowboy pictures, that states the hero must never kill anyone except in self-defence- after the other has made the first move. The fact that no one ever acts this way in a war disturbs them not at all- they are not concerned with actual happenings. It is a matter of convention, and the convention must be followed. The same convention calls for Robert Jordan to make the statement, after it has been decided that he should kill Pablo, that he must wait until "he makes the first move." The application of such horse-opera standards of characterization to a mature work of this kind is not only unrealistic in its effect, but an insult to the maturity of any audience.

The Robert Jordan produced by the motion picture, then, never materializes into the full, deep, meaningful character of the real Robert Jordan: due partly to the lack of intensity on the part of the actor, and due even more to the lack of technique- or desire to employ it- on the part of the producers. Robert Jordan has become a mere prop, who goes through some rather remarkable actions, with never any indication of why or at what cost.

Maria is probably the most successfully presented character in the picture. This is due, in the first place, to the way Hemingway presents her in the book.

She is not the thinking character that Robert Jordan is: she is primarily a "feeling" character- and the feeling can all be shown in the things she says and, even more, in the way she says them. But it must be admitted that it is even more the sensitive portrayal of Maria by Miss Ingrid Bergman that brings her to life so fully and convincingly- particularly in the scenes mentioned previously: the love scene in the afternoon, the love scene of the last night, the brief scene with the horses, and the last scene in which she leaves Robert Jordan.

Pablo, played to the hilt by Akim Tamiroff, is also presented so that the full force of him reaches the screen. He is another whose character emerges from his words, actions, and expressions, making it possible to present him before the camera without difficulty. The statement that brings out the real character of Pablo- "I look after my own people"- is repeated and accented so that the full meaning of it is made clear.

Pilar is played with gusto by the Greek actress Katina Paxinou. Some critics consider her acting a little "stagey" in places, particularly when she laughs, but there is little doubt that she brings to the role the great sense of hidden strength that it requires.

The physical courage of the woman stands out perfectly, and her love for the Republic is shown only to a somewhat lesser degree. The scene in which she discusses her "ugliness" helps to show some of the depth of her emotional nature, but as has been stated, there is less success in showing the complex emotional pattern that involves her with the two lovers.

With the members of Pablo's band, there can be no definite decision of success or lack of it. They are all there- except Eladio, the only one not made a separate personality by Hemingway- and they are portrayed by as excellent a group of experienced and sensitive characters actors as has ever been assembled in any picture. There are excellent scenes taken from the book that bring out thier characters, and there is little intentional distortion. And yet, although they carry the scenes forward with dramatic force, one is not quite satisfied with them. The trouble seems to be not in lack of sensitive acting- there is a tremendous abundance of this- but in the fact that the scenes which are primarily for the delineation of these "minor" characters seem over-concentrated and hurried-as if the producers want to get through with this and back to the "main story." Hollywood fails to realize that much of the "main" story is contained in these "minor" characters, and will

not emerge without them.

Anselmo is one of the triumphs of characterization in the book. He is an old man who "is not afraid to die," but remembers he had a "tendency to run at Segovia," and to him the killing of any man- fascist or not- is a painful act. Some of his courage is injected into the picture in the cave scene in which he stands up to Pablo, but the strength that we observe in the first meeting with Pablo in the book is missing. His great love for the Republic is not expressed through the movie powerfully enough to be noticed. His great pain at the thought of killing- brought out in the book through both his thoughts and conversation- is actually stated in a conversation with Robert Jordan in the movie; but it is done so briefly, with so little preparation for it, that it seems a little out of place, and not possessed of the dignity it should have. And yet, so ably does Vladimur Sokoloff present the role, we and recognize the real Anselmo- though incompletely and hastily drawn. In the blowing of the bridge, the part of Anselmo is weakened by having him delay before killing the sentry, for no apparent reason, and yet not showing him weeping as he does it. Perhaps the idea is to take interest away from the old man, so that the audience will concentrate on the hero and the bridge.

Agustin, whose important traits are a vile mouth, a lust for killing in battle, a pure animal courage that permits him to stand up and even strike his leader; and yet a sense of respect that is half love for the girl Maria, and a loyalty toward even the "men of Elias" that will not let him forgive Pablo for killing them to use their horses. His courage and antagonism toward Pablo are presented in the movie in a very dramatic fashion by his striking Pablo in the cave, while his insulting questioning of Pablo after the killing of the men of Elias is equally well done. But we have no indication of his feelings toward Maria; and what is perhaps more important, he does not give us the typical Hemingway philosophy of the man who feels a thrill at any sort of action, as the Augustin of the book does. One cannot help feeling that the movie has somehow cheated him. In the two exciting scenes involving the machine gun, it is not the massacre-loving, trustworthy Agustin who is on the gun, but Robert Jordan himself.

The movie brings out the humorous verbosity of Fernando, but this grave little man is robbed of the complete dignity he possesses in the novel. And what is worse, he is robbed of his touching and completely dignified final scene- perhaps the most dignified death scene ever written- in which he tells them... "leave me

here"...he finds himself "very well here"...leave him "for a favor"..."it is inutile" to try to save him... "thus it gives one horse more."

The only time Primitivo is really treated as an individual in the book is when he shows such a great desire to go and help El Sordo. This is included in the picture, but somehow does not seem as effective as it s should . Andres, in the novel, is very much individualized by his thoughts and reminiscences while going through the lines with the message. Of course all this is lost.

Joseph Calleia is excellent as El Sordo, and in his two brief appearances makes one feel the stately courage, the complete losing of self in the cause of the Republic, the intelligence, the fatherliness, and the delicate regard for others' feelings that Hemingway certainly intended. But perhaps the most surprisingly effective portrayal in the picture is that of a young Cuban named Cilo Yarson as Joaquin. In his few lines of dialogue and brief action, he gives us a perfect picture of a senitive boy caught in the middle of a tragic war: shy, sincere, lonely for the understanding that has gone with the death of his family, still half-child- yet taking his place beside the rough men who fight, and desiring fervently to be thought of as one of them.

Of the many characters that appear in Andres' wild ride, Gomez emerges as a half-clear individual; the lieutenant colonel and the staff officer give a too hasty picture of Hemingway's attitude toward various rear-echelon officers; Duval and Golz are mere props; and the important Comrade Marty and Karkov do not appear.

The one character to whom something has been added is the gypsy. Hemingway presents him as an unreliable, rather likeable, completely undependable person. During "that of the bridge" he is left with Maria to hold horses. The movie, however, takes advantage of a brief conversation in which he says he will some day "get me a tank" to make a sort of comic hero out of him. His lack of dependability is played down, although not eliminated, by not making him responsible for the cavalryman's getting through to Robert Jordan the morning of the snow. And during the tank attack, he gets two tanks in melodramatic fashion- with hand grenades. Not that the role isn't an appealing one as it is presented on the screen: the uncertain, pleading, child-like expression on the gypsy's face when he asks Robert Jordan if "he can write too" is enough to forgive him his tendency toward burlesque and melodrama.

Summing up, in his novel Hemingway has presented us with an array of fully developed, individualized

characters, who react upon one another in many intricate ways. Almost the whole gamut of human relationships are here presented: Robert Jordan and Maria; Pilar and Maria; Robert Jordan and Anselmo; El Sordo and Joaquin; Fernando and the rest of the band; Robert Jordan and Agustin- each one a separate and delicate relationship. The picture has made many successful stabs in the dark, but seems unable to deal adequately with relationships dealing with more than two people plus a few "added attractions."

In the final analysis, any work of art must be judged on what it actually gets across to its participating audience. A work of art cannot be neutral; it must bring something about in other people. A movie that is a good movie, then, must go more than move convincingly over its audience, bending it emotionally (and momentarily) as a breeze bends grass upon a plain- allowing it to straighten after it has passed. A good movie, like and other good work of art, must believe in something so strongly, and express its belief so forcibly, while keeping within the limits of actual life, that a permanent change is wrought in anyone participating in the experience. In critizing the adaptation of a novel to the screen, it is also necessary to consider whether the movie bends the audience as the novel was

intended to. In the light of this, let us return to what the realization was that the author was trying to get across in his novel.

This novel, as we have stated, is an expression of the essential inter-relationship of all men. The author is concerned with this philosophy as it applies to at least four areas of life: (1) sexual love;(2) the relationships between men fighting together for a common cause; (3) politics; and (4) religion. Let us examine the novel to determine how the author brings out each of these, and then re-examine the movie to determine whether or not the same result has been obtained there.

The novel shows us love as a bond uniting two people so strongly that they are almost as one- in fact are one in some respects. In the later love scenes Maria seems to want to lose her individuality and become one with Roberto. We see this desire expressed in such remarks as wanting to have her hair cut like his and being just like him in every way.

These lines are cut in the movie.

The same feeling is expressed by Robert Jordan at the end when he tells Maria to go, that he will go with her, that she is all there will ever be of him now. And later he finds that there is really some truth in it:

> Try to believe what you told her. That is the best. And who says it is not true? Not you. You don't say it, any more than you would say the things did not happen that happened. Stay with what you believe now. Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another.1

The lines that Roberto speaks to Maria are definitely in the movie, and delivered as they should be. But one does not feel that the movie has prepared one sufficiently for their deepest meanings. It is rather as if the lines were included because they were in the book, because they had to end it with some lines implying a great deal, and most of all because they "sound" dramatic. The thoughts are eliminated, or condensed to such an extent that they make no impression.

But there is more to the inter-relationship of love. It is more than a bond that unites two people. All people are involved. It is through Maria that Roberto can express the feelings he has for all suffering people everywhere. Whether or not the movie can successfully put across this idea is primarily dependent upon what they do with one very powerful and meaningful speech:

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 466

> "...I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry. I love thee as I love Madrid that we defended and as I love all my comrades that have died. And many have died. Many. Many. Thou canst not think how many. But I love thee as I love what I love most in the world and I love thee more."1

This speech does not appear in the movie.

The next inter-relationship that Hemingway is interested in is the bond that connects a group of men fighting together for a common cause. Not all feel it. Pablo, Comrade Marty, the suspicious soldiers that Andres first encounters- many have lost it, or never attained it. But even Pablo must come back to danger and possible death because he is "lonely." And when you are fighting with men whom you can trust to do their part well, whose lives you value as your own, there is a very satisfactory and elevating feeling that one experiences. This is brought out in many places in the book, but perhaps there are three outstanding events that accent it more than the others.

First there is the touching scene in which Anselmo stays at the post Robert Jordan assigns to him, even though a snowstorm comes unexpectedly. Robert Jordan

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 348

goes to relieve him, although he is told that the old man will start in with the snow, in spite of orders to stay there until relieved. The exhilaration that both Roberto and Anselmo feel when Roberto finds him at his post is told the reader in a moving and meaningful scene:

> ...I'm glad to see this old man, Robert Jordan thought. He looked at Anselmo and then clapped him on the back again as they started up the hill.
>
> "I'm glad to see you, viejo," he said to Anselmo...
>
> "I am glad to see thee," Anselmo said. "But I was just about to leave."
>
> "Like hell you would have," Robert Jordan said happily. "You'd have frozen first"... He was very happy with that sudden, rare happiness that can come to any one with a command in a revolutionary army; the happiness of finding that even one of your flanks holds. If both flanks ever held I suppose it would be too much to take, he thought. I don't know who is prepared to stand that. And if you extend along a flank, any flank, it eventually becomes one man. Yes, one man. This was not the axiom he wanted. But this was a good man. One good man. You are going to be the left flank when we have the battle, he thought. I better not tell you that yet. It's going to be an awfully small battle, he thought. But it's going to be an awfully good one...
>
> Anselmo was happy now and he was very pleased that he had stayed there at the post of observation.
>
> If he had come into camp it would have been all right. It would have been the intelligent and correct thing to have done under the circumstances, Robert Jordan was thinking. But he stayed as he was told, Robert Jordan thought. That's the rarest thing that can happen in Spain. To stay in a storm, in a way corresponds to a lot of things. It's not for nothing that the Germans call an attack a storm. I could certainly use a couple

more who would stay. I most certainly could. I wonder if that Fernando would stay. It's just possible. After all, he is the one who suggested coming out just now. Do you suppose he would stay? Wouldn't that be good? He's just stubborn enough. I'll have to make some inquiries. Wonder what the old cigar store Indian is thinking about now.

"What are thinking about, Fernando?" Robert Jordan asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity," Robert Jordan said. "I am a man of great curiosity."

"I was thinking of supper," Fernando said.

"Do you like to eat?"

"Yes. Very much."

"How's Pilar's cooking?"

"Average." Fernando answered.

He's a second Coolidge, Robert Jordan thought. But, you know, I have just a hunch that he would stay.1

Another scene that brings out a similar feeling is the final scene of Fernando, already mentioned. A third one is the final scene between Agustin and Roberto, in which Agustin tries to get across to Roberto a little of the deep-felt sorrow he feels at having to leave him. The tough and vile-mouthed Agustin says little things about having cleaned out the barrel of his machine gun for him, and offering to shoot him, that carry a tremendous amount of feeling with them, and helps to show the actual bond that is between them.

All three scenes are eliminated from the picture.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp. 199-201

But Hemingway's novel goes on to greater implications of the bond that holds men together. His novel is about the Spanish Civil War, and it does not endeavor to dodge the political implications tied up in it. His hero, Robert Jordan, is fighting for the Loyalists, for the Republic. He recognizes the faults of the side he is fighting for: the cruelty found in so many Spaniards, the enjoyment that some derive from killing, the lack of reality in Communist slogans, the dialectics that one must know in order not to be a "sucker" for them. But in spite of this he also realizes that there are many good traits in the Spanish people, as he can see from Anselmo, Fernando and others, and he feels that the Spanish people should be allowed to work out their problem themselves. He feels that the Spanish people want the Republic, and it is only through the Republic that they will ever correct the evils that have kept the Spanish people down so long. He recognizes that there are fine and brave men on the other side- Lieutenant Berrendo and the young cavalryman that he killed- but they are fronting for a group that wants to return the Spanish people to their former virtual enslavement- a group that, for the most part, lets the simple peasants do their fighting for them.

Not that the Loyalists do not have their cowardly

rear echelon too. Comrade Marty and a host of others testify to that. But through Jordan's memories of General Goltz and the Russian journalist Karkov, we see that he feels it is men such as they who can best help the Spanish people in their struggle. The communists do not have the perfect answer, but there are some very good people who are communists. There is the young Joaquin, who has taken over communist slogans to take the place of his religion, but automatically shifts back to "Hail Mary" just before he is killed. And there is Karkov, a true friend of the common people, who admits the necessity of the purges, who sees all the fallacies and inadequacies of his faith, and yet goes on fighting for and trying to believe in his far from utopian system:

> "Yes," Robert Jordan had said. "I agree with you. but to get a full picture of what is happening you cannot read only the party organ."
> "No," Karkov had said. "But you will not find any such picture if you read twenty papers and then, if you had it, I do not know what you would do with it. I have such a picture almost constantly and what I do is try to forget it."1

Still, it is not a fifty-fifty proposition. The fascists are infinitely worse for people everywhere. They lack something that others have at least partially.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 246.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 240.

It is clear to even the grave and rather ridiculously dignified Fernando:

> "He told us all," Fernando said. "What barbarians these fascists are! We must do away with all such barbarians in Spain." He stopped, then said bitterly, "In them is lacking all conception of dignity."1

The only speech with any political significance in the movie is a brief one in which Robert Jordan implies that the war is primarily a war between German and Italian fascists and Russian communists- the Spanish people evidently have no interest in it. One must assume that the Karkovs and General Golzes are to be lined up with Mussolini and Hitler.

In the movie all the political thoughts and conversations of Robert Jordan have been carefully taken out. General Golz has no political significance, and we never see what a great general he really is. We are not made to feel the real tragedy of this man when he receives word too late that his masterfully planned and lovingly cherished attack will fail without any effect on the enemy.

The character of Karkov appeared in the premiere of

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1. Ibid, p. 328.

the movie- being played by Konstantin Shayne. It was a mere bit part, but was heralded as one of the most successful moments of the picture- even perhaps the most effective use of a bit part in movie history. The scene was thought by some to have political overtones, but was considered by others to be highly ambiguous. Unfortunately, in the version used in this study- a version that had been used for regular commercial purposes- the highly successful "bit" has been eliminated, and Karkov is not in the cast of characters. Evidently some one must have decided that it did have political overtones.

It somehow strikes one like the sight of a shipwrecked man who, having destroyed all the life boats except one little rubber raft, obediently sinks his knife into that...

The sound waves generated by Hemingway's tolling bell go out to embrace more than the political situation in Spain. There is warning that America is not free from fascism:

> Robert Jordan explained the process of homesteading. He had never thought of it before as an agrarian reform.
>
> "That is magnificent," Primitivo said. "Then you have a communism in your country?"
>
> "No. That is done under the Republic."
>
> "For me," Agustin said, "everything can be done

under the Republic. I see no need for other form of government."

"Do you have no big proprietors?" Andres asked.

"Many."

"Then there must be abuses."

"Certainly. There are many abuses."

"But you will do away with them?"

"We try to more and more. But there are many abuses still."

"But there are not great estates that must be broken up?"

"Yes. But there are those who believe that taxes will break them up."

"How?"

Robert Jordan, wiping out the stew bowl with bread, explained how the income tax and inheritance tax worked. "But the big estates remain. Also there are taxes on the land," he said.

"But surely the big proprietors and the rich will make a revolution against the government when they see that they are threatened, exactly as the fascists have done here," Primitivo said.

"It is possible."

"Then you will have to fight in your country as we fight here."

"Yes, we will have to fight."

"But there are not many fascists in your country?"

"There are many who do not know they are fascists but will find it out when the time comes."

"But you cannot destroy them until they rebel?"

"No," Robert Jordan said. "We cannot destroy them. But we can educate the people so that they will fear fascism and recognize it as it appears and combat it."1

Although conversation almost directly before and after these remarks is employed in the picture, it was unfortunately found necessary to eliminate this section from the movie.

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp. 207-208

But Hemingway's tolling bell strikes a note that penetrates to something even more fundamental than political structure: it goes to the very religion by which men live. Many of the Loyalists had been very religious people, in the conventional sense- Joaquin and Anselmo, to mention only two. But the only religion they know- the Catholic religion- has lined up on the side of the fascists. They must then chose between a formal religion on which they have been brought up and which they love, and a vague, insecure trust in their fellow Republicans. The choice is not an easy one. Joaquin must have his old faith to support him at the time of his death, but he holds the machine gun on his shoulder to the last. Anselmo also would like to keep his old religion, but faces the facts as he knows them and courageously goes on to create his own religion:

> "Yet you have killed."
> "Yes. And will again. But if I live later, I will try to live in such away, doing no harm to any one, that it will be forgiven."
> "By whom?"
> "Who knows? Since we do not have God here any more, neither His Son nor the Holy Ghost, who forgives? I do not know."
> "You do not have God any more?"
> "No. Man. Certainly not. If there were God, never would He have permitted what I have seen with my eyes. Let <u>them</u> have God."
> "They claim Him."
> "Clearly I miss Him, having been brought up in religion. But now a man must be responsible to himself."

> "Then it is thyself who will forgive thee for killing."
> "I believe so," Anselmo said. "Since you put it clearly in that way I believe that must be it. But with or without God, I think it is a sin to kill. To take the life of another is to me very grave."1

Robert Jordan himself has definitely rejected the God of the organized church, as we see when he is waiting to die:

> Who do you suppose has it easier? Ones with religion or just taking it straight? It comforts them very much but we know there is nothing to fear."2

Most of all, Robert Jordan is cognizant of what the Catholic church has done for the Spanish people, and realizes that some new sort of religion is needed:

> "...To understand is to forgive. That's not true. Forgiveness has been exaggerated. Forgiveness is a Christian idea and Spain has never been a Christian country. It has always had its own special idol worship within the Church. Otra virgen mas. I suppose that was why they had to destroy the virgens of their enemies. Surely it was deeper with them, with the Spanish religious fanatics, than it was with the people. The people had grown away from the Church because the Church was in the government and the government had always been rotten. This was the only country that the reformation never reached. They were paying for the Inquisition now, all right."3

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1. Ernest Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 41
2. Ibid, p. 468
3. Ibid, p. 355

The church, then, as it exists, is recognized as being in complete dichotomy with the brotherhood of man as stated by Christ. Therefore, all one has is one's self and one's comrades to trust in to bring in this brotherhood of man. "Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another." Perhaps, in this way- though he must die, and the attack of General Golz must fail, and many must die- still, perhaps more and more will come to realize that all men are truly brothers, and that when the bell tolls for one of them, it tolls for all mankind.

In the movie, every minute reference to religion was eliminated.

Summing up, we may state that Hollywood has given us a version of For Whom the Bell Tolls in which the action is nearly the same as in the novel itself. It has given us a group of characters that sometimes (though rarely) approximate the characters in the novel. It has served us up a dish of a wonderful shape and a rare color. On closer inspection it is recognized to be merely the shell. The living, vibrant thing that crawled within has been carefully extracted. After all it might have bitten some one.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSIONS

Perhaps the best way to sum up Hollywood's success with Ernest Hemingway is to say that in many scenes Hollywood has shown itself capable of transferring conversation and action to the screen that appears identical to the original work- but the scenes somehow never add up to the same meaning as the original. Hollywood has proven itself adept at the technical aspects of motion picture making. It can use camera, scenery, background music, and all its other devices in a completely accomplished way to produce what it wants to produce. But oftentimes it does not seem to bother with the scenes that most demand expert technique- as when it failed to produce the emotional climax of Macomber standing up to the buffalo. It can use conversation to convey a subtle and powerful over-tone of emotions, as it did in much of The Macomber Affair, and in the cave scene in For Whom the Bell Tolls. It can build up suspense through action and hold it for a considerable length of time, as it did in the bridge-blowing scene in For Whom the Bell Tolls- although it has a tendency

to throw in too many tanks and make the effect somewhat melodramatic. It has all these techniques developed to a fine stage of at least semi-perfection. And yet the results they produce never mean anything. It is in the meaningfulness of events that Hollywood has refused to develop. It did a fine job with most of The Macomber Affair, developing the series of happenings in the same meaningful way that the author did; and then it threw in some other events to make the "story" come out in the desired way- apparently unaware that the events it had so carefully recorded bore any relationship to each other, and that the new events merely served to cancel out all that the previous events had achieved, leaving a meaningless hodge-podge.

Likewise, in For Whom the Bell Tolls, Hollywood fills the screen with epic happenings and what should have been meaningful characters- yet never seems to realize that they should add up to more than external excitement and "drama." It is acting like a silly young high-school girl, wanting excitement for excitement's sake, not bothering about what it means, and only succeeding in leaving everyone vaguely unsatisfied. It has not learned that a mere series of dramatic events for the sake of drama is nothing, that it is only when they are arranged in a meaningful pattern that anything

of worth emerges.

It has not learned that there is such a thing as totality of effect. In For Whom the Bell Tolls there is some excellent symbolism employed. The picture ends with the machine gun firing straight at the audience, and then the toll of a bell is heard- after the audience has been informed by the introductory quotation that the bell tolls for them. This is not only a very dramatic moment, but potentially a very meaningful one. And yet this triumph of technique becomes merely an added attraction- unconnected with the main part of the picture. The rest of the picture has not presented its events so that this great moment can mean anything to us.

Two other specific defects were noted in this study, being brought out particularly in For Whom the Bell Tolls. First, Hollywood has not learned a satisfactory technique through which to present the thoughts of a character (or perhaps it was merely that it was considered less embarrassing to all if the thoughts went unsaid.) And secondly, Hollywood has become so star- and feature-conscious that it is left floundering when presented with a large group of meaningful and individualized characters.

Why does Hollywood do nothing to correct these

faults? And can we have any hope of improvement in the future? For a long time the motion picture industry was satisfied to make completely silly custard-pie comedies and melodramatic thrillers. They paid off. Then, when the public was a little weary of this, sound was invented, and a whole new field was opened up. Lavish musical comedies and bright and witty romantic comedies became possible. These also paid off. But now movie audiences are beginning to fall off again. The time has come to inject "meaning"into the "drama." Hollywood feels vaguely that something is lacking. It cannot find out what it is from the critics, for they are too busy thinking up witty things to say in their next reviews. It is slowly- so slowly- trying things for itself: some apparently with a certain show of intelligence, some frantically and a little hysterically. One company produced a picture with an entirely new camera technique- the camera acting as the eyes of the hero. Twentieth-Century Fox has bought up the rights to every book approaching the best-seller lists that it could get its hands on. RKO has produced what appears to be a run-of-the-mill picture, and for weeks every radio in the land has blared out about "THE LONG NIGHT! COME AND GET ME, COPS!... and spent hours giving brief scenes and interviews with the "original cast." But

just as the experimental rat cannot understand that the left door is closed for good, and he must try another, so we must expect Hollywood producers to run around their cages a little hysterically before they begin a human approach to the problem.

And yet one might wonder how it is that Hollywood always manages to miss the point. Why couldn't The Macomber Affair and For Whom the Bell Tolls have been made into meaningful pictures, high-lighting the author's intention? The answer to this has been covered at least partially in Chapter III. It probably is not stupidity. Possibly it is not. Motion picture producing has become a very traditional sort of endeavor, and it has acquired its own ritual and its own idols. To violate these requires courage of a very high order. One of the elements of this ritual- the necessity of making the hero and heroine into decent people with a chance of getting married (the Hollywood solution to everything) at the end- ruins The Macomber Affair. For Whom the Bell Tolls is ruined by another powerful element of the same rutual- the necessity of never producing anything that will offend any group. It has to remain "neutral" in everything. As was stated before, a work of art must believe in something so strongly that it is certain to offend some one- at least until there are no evils

in the world. Therefore, any attempt at complete "neutrality" in a work of art is merely a futile endeavor. Paramount tried it with For Whom the Bell Tolls, and the results were just what one would expect. Concerning their picture the producers have said some quite obviously stupid things:

> Chairman of the Board Adolph Zukor: "It is a picture, without political significance. We are not for or against anybody."
>
> Director Sam Wood: "It is a love story against a brutal background. It would be the same story if they were on the other side."
>
> Paramount President Barney Balaban: "We don't think it will make any trouble."

And yet, in spite of these revealing remarks, it seems that perhaps these men are not stupid. They will not violate the ritual, but possibly they are not stupid. Possibly there is the lack of something other than intelligence that keeps the producer in line. For even genius is not enough. After all, very little in the world was ever accomplished without courage.

A B S T R A C T

Chapter I. This thesis is an attempt to determine the ability of Hollywood to transfer a work of fiction to the motion-picture medium. This will be accomplished by means of an examination of the works of Ernest Hemingway that have been screened. It will first be necessary to discuss the nature of the works of Hemingway, with regard to both philosophy and artistry. This will be followed by a discussion of the adaptability of Hemingway's works to the screen, in order to determine whether our choice of author was an appropriate one. After a brief history of the various works of Hemingway that have been made into motion pictures, we will proceed with a detailed discussion of those movies resembling their original fictional versions sufficiently to yield significant results. We should then be ready to state our conclusions on the present state of Hollywood's ability to present works of literature on the screen.

Chapter II. A survey of Hemingway's works, which include four novels, one play, four volumes of short stories, as well as other miscellaneous works, reveals that while certain elements of the Hemingway philosophy have remained fairly constant, there have been other

ABSTRACT

elements- particularly those pertaining to the relation of man to society- in which profound changes have taken place. Running through all his works is the theme that life is brutal, and that stoicism and physical courage are greatly to be admired. There is a distrust of all abstractions and high-sounding phrases- particularly in religion and politics. And there is a contempt for those operating in the "rear-echelon"; all his sympathy goes to those on the fringes of society who must bear the brunt of the attack. But in Hemingway's conception of man's relation to society there is great change: he begins with a belief that man's only pleasures come when he is satisfying his physical desires, independent of society; with To Have and Have Not he begins to realize that "no man alone" is enough; and in For Whom the Bell Tolls, the culmination of his work in every respect, we find him affirming in powerful terms the necessity of the brotherhood of man. In this work we also find his conception of love change from its previous form of mere sexual play and become a significant psychological experience.

In presenting his stories, Hemingway has developed a new and highly functional style, intended to enable the reader to actually experience the scenes, events, and meaningfulness of the stories in a very intimate way.

His style is characterized by the use of simple words; short sentences, or sentences consisting of a series of simple clauses connected by "and;" conversation vitally alive; uncomplicated, behavioristic characters; and actions violent and physically stimulating.

Chapter III. There are a number of things about Hemingway's writings that make them particularly adaptable to the screen. These include the following: simple, "un-literary" technique; exciting action; vitally living dialogue; presentation of characters through their words and actions alone; and picturesque settings. But there are also a number of factors that make it quite difficult to transfer one of the works to the screen: the occasional use of a thinking character (like Robert Jordan); the inevitable loss of the functional style (choice of words, sentence structure, etc.); the difficulty of the time factor (things happen so fast that there is no time for the audience to integrate the experience and realize their significance); the tendence toward kinds of action to which the audience has conditioned responses already highly developed (thereby short-cicuiting new experience); the inclusion of much material that will not pass censorship (ranging from profane and abscene language to unorthodox political and religious beliefs).

Chapter IV. The following works of Hemingway have been made into motion pictures: A Farewell to Arms (1932); The Spanish Earth (an original commentary- 1937); For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943); To Have and Have Not (1944); The Killers (1946); and The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber (The Macomber Affair, 1947). Of these, A Farewell to Arms is not available for study, The Spanish Earth is not an adaptation of a fictional work, and all except For Whom the Bell Tolls and The Macomber Affair have been changed so completely that there is little point in considering them.

Chapter V. In The Macomber Affair Hollywood has made excellent use of many of the elements of Hemingway's story (particularly the brittle dialogue and the exciting action scenes). but it has failed miserably and probably intentionally in presenting the real essence of the work. The story is a powerful expression of the joy of a coward who grows up and learns how the thrill of action can make death unimportant; it is the story of a man who lives more in five minutes after attaining his realization than he had previously in his whole life. The movie seems to fail primarily because of the following reasons: the shock of the tragedy is lessened by a change of sequence; the characters are distorted to provide the "stars" with the proper kind of roles (the

star must be a "hero" in the conventional sense); the "love" aspect is completely perverted to provide a "happy ending"; and the exciting and meaningful action scenes (particularly the killing of the buffalo) are made merely exciting. The greatest moment of the story- Macomber's standing his ground and firing into the nose of the charging buffalo- is never realized on the screen.

Chapter VI. For Whom the Bell Tolls as a novel is concerned with the necessity of the brotherhood of man on at least four levels: sexual, comrade-in-arms (the relation between men fighting for a common cause), political, and religious. The movie presents the first, accenting it strongly but not relating it to the others, as the novel does; the second is presented to a limited extent, but is never high-lighted as much as in the novel; the third and fourth are lost completely.

In presenting the external, superficial structure of the plot, the movie version does a surprisingly good and complete job, although the "love scenes" have been jumbled up and somewhat perverted. In presenting the characters of the novel, the movie is less successful. The real character of Robert Jordan (including his important inner conflict) never appears on the screen, and some scenes have even been changed in order to make him more of a conventional "hero." The characters of

Maria, Pablo, and Pilar are on the whole remarkably well presented. But the members of the guerrilla band are not given the full stature they possess in the novel, and one of the important minor characters (Karkov) has been eliminated completely. The gypsy's character has been changed to suit him to the movie conventions. But where the picture fails miserably is in failing to keep any of the meaningfulness of the events that take place. Indeed, Hollywood seems to have intentionally attempted to extract all the significance from the novel, on the grounds that it might be embarrassing.

Chapter VII. Thus we find that Hollywood, although expert in the "techniques" of making motion pictures, fails in presenting the realizations achieved in Hemingway's stories. It often pays excellent attention to details, while perverting the core of meaning. It has yet to conquer certain technical problems (such as how to present thoughts adequately on the screen), yet it's great fault seems to be a necessity for following certain conventions of plot and character. It also fails because of moral, political and religious censorship (mostly self-imposed to keep from alienating any segment of the paying audience). Fundamentally, Hollywood fails for want of a rather simple characteristic-courage.

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